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Carrie Nation and Kansas

By William Allen White

Washington & Wall Street

By Henry Clews

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Author of What's the Matter with Kansas?

ON A WINTER'S morning in Chicago a short little woman, with motherly face and rotund figure, clad in black alpaca, and not too warmly wrapped, came from a cheap Dearborn Street tavern and set out walking to see the town. The woman was Mrs. Caroline Nation, Crusader, of Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

She wandered with rather unstable purpose, and a hooting, indolent rabble followed her with curiosity. She had been well advertised. For several weeks before she came to Chicago Mrs. Nation's name had been occupying a "preferred position" in the American newspapers, and so when she began her morning's journey over the big city to purify it, the mob at her heels was ready for miracles or a fight, or both. For many hours she trudged the streets, leading the multitude. She went into saloons and pleaded with barkeepers. She prayed on the streets; she exhorted; she laughed and cried and wrought herself up to a pitch of excitement wherein nothing matters much. Then she went to find the Mayor. She hoped to argue into him what she believed to be moral courage. He heard that she was coming and fled from his office. When Mrs. Nation entered the Chicago City Hall, in the mob that came after her were a few disciples—perhaps half a dozen—and a few half-hearted sympathizers; then there came loafers, pickpockets, criminals, a few young gentlemen with nothing better to do, a few emotional people swept away from sedentary pursuits by the hypnosis of mob spirit, and a cloud of witnesses for the newspapers. Mrs. Nation was clearly conscious of the presence of her escort—and proud of it.

Thus, at the head of this hooting throng, Carrie Nation entered the Chicago City Hall. When she found that she could not scold the Mayor, the crusader mounted a wide, black-walnut railing in the great anteroom to the Mayor's office. There she stood with hair disheveled, with wild, glowing eyes, with radiant face reflecting hysteria, and began to harangue the crowd. She waved her arms; her voice creaked with excitement, her hands beat the air. At first the throng was silent, then it began to titter, then to laugh, and then to jeer and howl.

And then a centurion hustled her away. The mad scene was cut short. The mob began to surge out of the great room; women shrieked; the crush was merciless. The maelstrom caught Mrs. Nation. It whirled her around and around. Her hands that were raised to gesticulate it held impotently above her head. The roars, imprecations and laughter engulfed her frenzied babble. A city official standing near a policeman said: "Here, officer, protect that woman; she'll be killed."

The policeman watched Mrs. Nation pirouetting and laughed:

"Aw, let her get out the way she came in."

On the sidewalk she lifted up a few glorias before she went away in an elevated train, and the crowd scattered.

This is Mrs. Nation, and broadly and with the exaggeration that a crowd gets in a great city where contrasts are broader and deeper, this is the world she is working in. This picture may represent the scene on the drop curtain at the play. Now let the fiddlers thrum their strings, the cornets groan, the little man in the tinshop arrange his wares, the band strike up its overture and the play begin.

The Algebraic Formula for Her Power

It seems a simple matter to gauge Mrs. Nation's power. Her hysteria multiplied by her inefficiency and divided by her lawlessness should give the desired result. But the quotient thus obtained is small; it is nil. And this woman's power is great. What unknown quantity has entered the equation to change it? Where is the secret of popular error about her? To answer this question it is necessary to go back to fundamentals.

It is unimportant to chronicle the fact that Mrs. Nation was born in Kentucky and to follow her life as it led her through Missouri and Oklahoma into Kansas. But it is well to note in passing that her first husband, whom she probably married for love and whose wrongs she has never forgotten, died a drunkard. Often these hidden springs in the human heart move with tremendous power. After marrying David Nation she settled down to make a comfortable home for herself and her husband, and to live out her life in the fear of the Lord.

She has but one mental output. For years she has been considering the evils of the liquor traffic. She has acted when Nature would stand the strain no longer in a primitive way—with savage music! In Medicine Lodge she used to get out a hand-organ through which perforated paper sheets are passed, and sitting on a prominent corner of the town, she would grind out dolorous temperance songs to the citizens. In time they came to give her about as much notice as one gives to the water-plug on a corner. Another form of self-relief was to haunt the local jail and constabulary and pray with the prisoners, who usually voted her a nuisance.

These two vents became monotonous. So she hiked out in Barber County in a buggy on a temperance mission. Nearly a year ago she struck the village of Kiowa. She stoned two joints. It was her first smashing. The world never heard of it. The local papers contained only humorous references to it. Everybody knew Mrs. Nation down there. But she was imbued through and through with a hatred for the saloon. There came an awful pressure of conviction as to the futility of her life, the maddening conclusion that she had made no impress, that her song and jail and prayer methods were methods of guilty puerility. She probably accused herself of rank cowardice. She finally laid hold of the territory, which is just across the line from all of us, where irresponsibility reigns. Mrs. Nation carried into that land hatred and a determination to destroy. Then she set out for Wichita from Barber County, literally with an apron full of rocks, and when she got to Wichita her courage failed. She prayed one night in the saloons instead of smashing. But courage came to her again, and the next morning she sallied out, keyed up, hilariously irresponsible, anarchistic. She smashed the finest bar in the town; she was taken to the police station, fat, double-chinned, and laughing outlandishly.

In that trip to the station she got over into the Land of Responsibility again. In palliation of her offense she quoted law at the officer who arrested her. Then the W. C. T. U. women heard of it and rushed down to see her. They congratulated her. Then she began to see that her best defense was to claim that she had started a war. To give her act State significance she wrote a note to the Governor. She dreaded being put in jail.

The Artist Who Made Mrs. Nation Famous

Mrs. Nation was a local character when she came to Wichita. The Topeka correspondents wanted Eastern papers to take a story about her joint-smashing. The Eastern papers wouldn't. They didn't know Mrs. Nation. They didn't care anything about her. Then an artist stepped to the wire, not a sign and house painter, but an engraver, who etched in these words into the query for a story: "Mrs. Nation has sent for Jerry Simpson to act as her attorney." The Eastern papers then were anxious. They knew Jerry Simpson. They answered, "Send stuff." Then it spread. Such is the influence of art on great events.

Telegrams began to pour in on Mrs. Nation. She became vain, ingloriously vain. When she got out of jail she had no idea of smashing joints further, until she found that she could take on the clairvoyant state of irresponsibility. She gathered a few followers. There was to be a general joint smashing at six o'clock one evening. Being irresponsible and headstrong, Mrs. Nation broke the agreement and began her smashing at five o'clock.

When she was arrested again she came down the street hysterical and wabbly, and bowing right and left to the multitude.

She turned to a reporter and said: "How many do you think are following me now?"

"A thousand," he answered.

"Isn't it fine?" she exclaimed, glowing. She was rational then. When she breaks out, as she occasionally does, against her friends as well as against the joint-keepers, she is irrational. She can work herself up to the blind passion sometimes, and sometimes she cannot. She collapsed one night in Topeka; but cowardice leaves her when she is rhapsodical; she is as fearful as any one when this excitation is not upon her, and she cannot induce it.

She is a deeply pious woman and has re-read the Bible so many times that Biblical quirks and tropes and metaphors put a wholesome bark on her conversation. She is argumentative, and given to much wrangling. Like many persons of limited mental capacity she is sure of her distinctions between right and wrong. Therefore she has been free to act without restraint. The person who spends valuable time toying with the equities of a circumstance, trying to locate and mark out the boundaries of exact justice before proceeding, is unlikely to follow the strenuous life. With Mrs. Nation, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," translated, means, "Interpret your Bible and then get your hatchet." This absolute confidence in one's correct reading of the Scriptures generates the faith that stores up courage of great voltage. This faith of a little child sustained Joan of Arc; it guided Peter the Hermit. It sustained John Brown at Harper's Ferry. It is often misdirected faith; frequently it destroys those who hold it; certainly it is blind, and those who nurse this faith are probably mentally diseased. But some way—perhaps in God's own way—this faith moves mountains, often mountains that seem to be highly necessary and almost respectable. But when they have moved, in their stead men find still waters and green pastures that are altogether good and lovely.

Mrs. Nation's Legal Status in Her Own State

To understand Mrs. Nation it is necessary to know something of her legal environment. And this brings the subject of the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic in Kansas fairly up for consideration. Briefly, the story of the prohibition of liquor selling in Kansas is this: Twenty-four years ago, after four years of temperance agitation, beginning with a Francis Murphy blue ribbon revival, the people of Kansas, by a reasonably substantial majority, adopted an amendment to the State Constitution which prohibited the sale of alcoholic liquor as a beverage in Kansas. This amendment was enforced from time to time by legislative enactment. There is no doubt that the farmers, who compose the majority of the citizens of Kansas, favor the prohibitory law; and yet there is also no question that the law is laxly enforced in many parts of the State. In certain of the larger towns the law is absolutely disregarded, and a system of monthly fines is imposed—amounting, in effect, to a license—upon the liquor dealers. On the other hand, again, this is the fact, that less liquor is consumed in Kansas, reckoning by the old "per capita" method, than in any non-prohibition State. There are, of course, joints of a kind in every Kansas town; but they are sporadic: they move from one livery stable box-stall to another, from one abandoned building to another, from one shack to another, as the town officers discover them. No business man frequents them; no young man can afford to be seen in their vicinity. The fixtures are primitive: a cigar box full of salt for the beer; a plug-tobacco box full of sawdust to spit in; a limp towel; a number of unwashed, thumb-marked tumblers to drink from, and three or four backless, spavined chairs to sit upon. Save in a half dozen of the larger Kansas towns the "gilded palace of sin," which used to agitate the temperance orator in the blue ribbon days, is extinct, and hundreds of young men have grown to manhood in Kansas without ever seeing a Kansas saloon.

St. Georgiana Nation and the Rum Dragon

This was the condition which confronted Mrs. Nation six months ago when she left home with her hatchet. She set out to destroy the saloons. In her lexicon, "to destroy" means "to smash." She smashed, and fame discovered her. Since then the story is a repetition almost daily of the same incident: she goes forth; she finds her prey; she attacks it. She is arrested, put in jail and released the next day, and goes forth again. The mob follows her: she mounts steps and stands in patrol wagons, and scolds and preaches and laughs and cries, and exhibits for a time all the symptoms of acute hysteria. Then she becomes quiet, indulges herself in remarkably lucid and effective Biblical repartee with those who talk with her, and in these normal moments she is an earnest, shrewd, sharp-tongued woman with some little fatalistic philosophy and no little fund of a merry kind of wit. The Nations are well-to-do. She can afford the luxury of saloon smashing. She dresses as most elderly ladies dress, and is not entirely devoid of pride in a pleasing personal appearance. For she is not a sexless creature—she is a woman to the core.

So much for this St. Georgiana. Now for her dragon. Commonly he is known as the Rum Fiend, familiarly as the Saloon. The saloon is an evil. It may be deemed a necessary evil by those who feel bound to apologize for it; but it can have no defenders. Even where it is licensed, protected by law, under restrictions which narrow its iniquities to moderate and expedient vice, the saloon, personified by its devotees, may be characterized by no adjective more flattering than miscreant. At its highest estate it is an outlaw, and the greatest legal distinction the saloon has achieved after a century of fighting for statutory recognition is to be branded generically by the United States Supreme Court as a nuisance. Its purposes are all venal. It is in business to promote violence and crime; to injure the public health;

to dissipate the public wealth in taxes that support the criminal court; to burden our charities; to corrupt the civic morals. The saloon is incarnate calamity. Because its work is slow and indirect, people often fail to see how it kills and maims men and tortures women like a malicious spirit.

How Kansas Law Regards Saloon Men

Now the Kansas statutes, as aforementioned, recognize the saloon for what it is. The State Constitution forbids the saloon to enter the State, under penalty of the law. The saloon-keeper who enters Kansas to ply his trade does so upon terms of exact equality with the pickpocket and the chicken thief. In his traffic he has no rights, and by no ordinance or intrigue or sentiment or understanding can he have any traffic rights, however meagre or limited, in Kansas, that the law-abiding citizen is bound to respect. And in the face of this legal proscription, when the saloon-keeper does hang out his sign in Kansas he must arrange a liaison with the officers of the law, who are supported by a local public sentiment which the saloon-keeper has corrupted.

He pays a monthly fine in police court and is not molested. Citizens who concern themselves to maintain law and order complain in vain to the prosecuting attorney. At least one man may be smuggled into the jury-room from a saloon-corrupted community who regards his oath in a Pickwickian sense. Legal redress is almost impossible—or was, before Mrs. Nation came to town.

In the Kansas towns where the saloon dominated, the citizen who stood for law enforcement stood as powerless as a wooden Indian. And the joint was growing bolder and bolder. It was moving from the little towns, where foreign colonies controlled the public sentiment, to the suburbs of the county seat, and it was coming nearer and nearer to the main street. A sort of locomotor ataxia was creeping over the morals of the State. Last spring a dozen towns that had been "dry" for a generation elected "wet" city administrations. The saloon infection was spreading. Saloon-keepers became more and more insolent. Brewers from Kansas City and St. Louis began to take an interest in the situation. They slipped in elaborate bar fixtures where they dared. The joint became a saloon and the devil was having a merry time withal. The whole growth of the evil was incendiary, lawless, riotous. The lawlessness of the Kansas joint bred Mrs. Nation's mob. Kansas planted the joint and reaped the hatchet. When the glass-breaking, liquor-spilling, frantic mob laughed at law, the laughter was an echo. The brewers who started the lawless Kansas saloons laughed first at law—always a dangerous and generally an expensive experiment. Between the two outlaws there is little choice. The joint is bad. The mob is bad. As they say at the vaudeville, "both are equally as worse as each." When the two negatives met they formed a positive—an object-lesson. It was respect for law, taught probably by some sort of an unconscious *reductio ad absurdum*.

The Smashing a Stimulus to Law-Making

The local effect in Kansas of the Nation joint smashing was the sudden development of enthusiastic moral courage to demand the enforcement of the prohibitory law. Public sentiment crystallized over night. The State Legislature which assembled while Mrs. Nation was smashing reflected that public sentiment with unusual clearness and accuracy. Laws were passed making the possession of a Government liquor license or of a bar and saloon fixtures *prima facie* evidence of the illegal intent of the owner or holder of them; also making it possible to enjoin any one found with saloon fixtures in his possession against continuing in the saloon business, under penalty of punishment for contempt of court, without benefit of jury; and further, a law was enacted giving the prosecuting attorney inquisitorial rights. Under this law he may summons any citizen, who is required to testify whether or not he bought liquor at certain places and of certain persons. There can be no longer the least excuse for officers or citizens winking at violations of the prohibitory law in Kansas. All this the woman with the hatchet has done—by indirection. For she set out to defy the law and she has strengthened the law.

That much is certain: it may be set down in the balanced book of this hatchet account as net profit. But has not Mrs. Nation made a larger investment which shall return in a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory? God moves in a mysterious way. This is true whether one thinks of God as an omnipotent, omniscient personality, even as the orthodox God, or whether one feels that God is only a "stream of tendency." But God moves and moves forward. And when one considers what poor sticks of men have carried God's banner—the insane, the brutal, the ignorant, the lame and the halt and the blind, but always the brave—one pauses before condemning even the most despised of creatures as unfit for the work. Did the savage veneration of the insane arise from the possible fact that too many of those who seemed mad and were stoned to death have proved that they were prophets? Are not inflamed nerves supersensitive to waves of feeling that precede great moral changes?

Is it altogether impossible that this frantic, brawling, hysterical woman in the Kansas jail, brave, indomitable, consecrated to her God, may be a prophetess whose signs and wonders shall be read and known of man by the light of another day?

And then again, perhaps this woman's work is but a ripple on the billow of the passing wave of events. Perhaps she has been advertised beyond her deserts; perhaps she will soon move beyond the lime-light of publicity and fade into oblivion; perhaps she is one of the million whose lives are hopelessly dead—innocuous, stale, "bitter with hard bondage in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service."

Ballad of Elkanah B. Atkinson *By* Holman F. Day

Elkanah B. Atkinson's
tarvun was run
On a plan that was
strictly his own;
And he "reckoned that
dudified sons of a gun"
Would far better leave
him alone.
He allowed that he always
had plenty to eat
For folks that liked vitt-
u-als plain;
An' when ye came down to
pettaters and meat
His house was a credit
to Maine.

The garding truck they
raised themselves.
They killed their pork; and the but'ry shelves
Jest fairly groaned with jells and jams;
—In a shed out back they smoked their hams.
And old Elkanah used to brag
They laid down pickles by the kag;
And they had the darndest hens to lay
—Got fifty eggs most ev'ry day—
And ev'ry egg was big's your fist
And fresher'n a whiff of mountain mist.
The whole blamed house it used to shake
When old Elkanah pounded steak,
For he used to say what made meat tough
Was 'cause some cooks warn't strong enough.
And he piled the grub right on sky-high:
Soup and meat and fish and pie
—All the courses on first
whack—
And then Elkanah he'd stand
back
And say: "There, people,
now hoe in;
When ye've et that grub,
pass up ag'in;
Of course we hain't no big
hotel,
But some few things, why,
we dew well."
P. Mortimer Perkins came
down from New York,
—A salesman for corsets
and things:
With his trousers all creased
and a lah-de-dah walk,
As if he were jiggered by
strings;—

Arrived at the Atkinson tarvun one night
And says to Elkanah, says he:
"I want to be called just as soon as its light,
For I'm going first train, don't ye see.
It's very important I go by first train,
But I find in these country hotels
The service ye get gives a feller a pain
—They don't even ahnswer the bells.
Now I want to be called for that train, me good man,
For it's very important I go;
Now weally, old chappie, please see if you can
Just do a thing right once, y' know.
Ye may call me at four, and at half after four
I'll bweakfast; now recollect, please!
Before I wetire I'll tell you once more;
—You'll get the idea by degwees."
Elkanah B. Atkinson lowered his specs
To the very tip end of his nose;
Says he: "When a feller he really expec's
To go by that train, wal—he goes.
Jest fall right asleep and don't worry a mite:
This hain't no big city hotel,
But we'll git ye to goin' termorrer all right,
For there's some things we dew fairly well."
Elkanah B. Atkinson sat all night
And kept the office fire bright.
He nodded some and yawned and smoked,
And at half-past three he went and poked
The kitchen fire; then pounded steak
And set potatoes in to bake.
Started the coffee and all the rest
And then went up to call his guest.
Bangity, whang! on the cracked old door!
Whangity, bang! It checked a snore.
P. Mortimer Perkins opened his eyes
In the cold dark dawn with much surprise,
And under the coverlet warm and thick
On the good, old-fashioned feather tick,
Felt the cold on his nose like a frosty knife
And was never so sleepy in all his life.
But still bang, whang on the cracked old door!
And Elkanah shouting, "Mos' ha'f-pas' four!"
But the louder the old man pounded and yapped
The more the drummer garped and gapped.
At last says he: "Is it stormy—oh-h-h?"
"Wall," says Elkanah, "she's spittin' snow."
P. Mortimer Perkins snuggled down
And says he, "This isn't a blamed bad town;
I say, old man, now please go 'way,
I've changed my mind, and I guess I'll stay."
Elkanah B. Atkinson then says he:
"This changin' minds is a bad idee;
I've set in that office there all night
So's I could git ye up all right.
An' breakfus' is on, an' the coffee's hot;
Now, friend, ye can go on that train or not,
But I tell ye now, right off the reel,
Ye're goin' to git up and eat that meal."

P. Mortimer Perkins cursed
and swore,
But Elkanah slammed right through that door,
And he pulled that drummer out of bed
And brandished a chair 'round over his head;
He poked his ribs and made him dress,
So sleepy still that his gait cut S
As he staggered down to the dining-room
And ate his meal in the cheerless gloom,
While over him stood the grim old man
With a stick and a steaming coffee can.
"Now, mister," allowed Elkanah, "'sence
It's a special breakfus' it's thutty cents."
When the feller paid, as meek's a pup,
And asked if "Now, can I be put up?"
"Why, sartin,
mister," Elkanah
said;
"Ye can go to
tophet or back
to bed:
There hain't hard
feelin's, no,
none at all,
But when a feller
he leaves a call
At the Atkinson
House for an
early meal,
He gits it served
right up genteel,
An' when its
served, wal, now you bet
There hain't no peace till
that meal's been et.
Of course we hain't no big hotel,
But some few things we dew quite well."

Washington and Wall Street *By* Henry Clews

WASHINGTON at times plays ducks and drakes with Wall Street. When the conditions are such as we have to-day, with the country prosperous and a big boom in stocks built on a solid basis, Wall Street is least susceptible to the influence of the National Capital. It takes the bit in its own teeth and forgets temporarily that Washington exists. But let the conditions change, let uncertain or panicky times come, and Wall Street see-saws up and down in a very paroxysm, accordingly as the strings are touched at the centre of Government.

Even when everything is apparently flourishing, Washington domination is felt in properties here and there. Take Pacific Mail, for example. This stock is frequently traded in with activity, and under normal conditions is steady enough. But for several months lately it ran up and down like a monkey after cocoanuts because of Washington. This no doubt puzzled the outsider, who could not have figured out how anything that was on at the National Capital could possibly influence this steamship company's property. The explanation was very simple. It was to be found in the Ship Subsidy bill before Congress. One day when it was rumored that the bill was certain of passage, up went the stock. The next day, when the newspapers asserted that the measure would never be passed, down the stock tumbled. And so it went on from day to day from December, when Congress first assembled, until it adjourned.

Men who ordinarily are as unimportant to Wall Street as the Digger Indians became factors in setting the value of this stock, simply because they happened to be members of Congress, and happened to open their mouths to deliver themselves of a judgment on the virtue or otherwise of granting assistance to American shipping. They may have been from unimportant sections where a steamship has never been seen, but for the time being they made or unmade people who were dealing in Pacific Mail.

Wall Street a Business Barometer

It is peculiar, this influence that sometimes comes from Washington, and is not at all to the discredit of Wall Street, though at first glance this may not be obvious. The influence exists because Wall Street is the most sensitive barometer of the country's well-being. People are in the habit of sneering at the stockbrokers and the "money-changers," and of speaking slightingly of the lack of patriotism of Wall Street, but as a matter of fact it is the very core and centre of patriotism. It reflects accurately the conditions of the country at large. To judge of the wisdom of legislation or the result of political action a man need only study Wall Street to get a very wise and reliable opinion. If Congress passes a law that is bad for the country, Wall Street reflects the result in depressed stock quotations. If we have legislation that is good for the masses, Wall Street shows it in higher values. Wall Street depends for its well-being entirely upon the well-being of the United States. Jingoism and all impractical and hurtful forces are "sized up" absolutely by the stock market. Values adjust themselves there according to how beneficial or harmful results are expected from the acts of Congress, the acts of the Executive, the acts of the Cabinet, or even the acts of the political parties. Almost without exception, Wall Street mirrors the sentiments of the majority of our people. The probable outcome of an election in the country can almost always be judged by the conditions in the Street. I know no better example of this than the two campaigns of Mr. Bryan. Wall Street was violently agitated, its values were unsettled, and it prophesied that the silver candidate would be beaten. The election returns both in 1896 and 1900 showed that the masses of the people thought as Wall Street thought.

Washington at frequent periods dominates us. The prosperity of the people lies to a considerable extent in the hands of Congress and the Executive. If Congress, under the influence of politics, passes an act that promises bad results to the people at large, Wall Street responds immediately. If the act is sufficiently bad, Wall Street is in a state of panic.

The President could set the Stock Exchange in an uproar any moment if he took it into his head to send an inflammatory message to Congress, or authorized his Secretary of State to send a threatening note to one of the foreign Powers. A striking example of this was seen a few years ago when the country was scared almost to death by an apparent threat to go to war with England over the Venezuelan boundary question. We had been sailing along peacefully when, presto! a few lines from the Executive to Congress paralyzed everything. Bankers called in loans, merchants canceled orders for merchandise, holders of stock unloaded, and there was the very deuce to pay all along the line. Wall Street went crazy. The brokers did not know whether they stood on their heads or their heels, and stocks tumbled at a rate that made paupers of the ordinarily well-to-do, and bankrupts of a great many millionaires. Factories were shut down, great enterprises were abandoned, and Wall Street reflected it all. There was the barometer showing the condition of panic that prevailed throughout the country.

The panic was not produced through or by Wall Street. We were simply turned upside down because the country was turned upside down; the only difference was that Wall Street, being the most sensitive point in the United States, showed more quickly than the rest of the country the results that might be expected if England were hot-headed and should take up the gauntlet that had been thrown down. But the British Government was temperate and conservative, and as soon as this fact manifested itself, the war scare passed away, confidence resumed its sway, and, as usual, Wall Street was the first to mirror the healthier conditions.

The Influence of Congress on Quotations

Sometimes, though rarely, Washington can influence Wall Street through questions that are not apparently connected with the well-being or otherwise of the general public. For instance, if Congress to-morrow should propose to legislate against the big railroad and industrial combinations that are under way, or that have been completed, the effect would undoubtedly manifest itself on the Stock Exchange in a depreciation of values all along the list. In such a case the influence would be direct on the properties dealt in, regardless of their bearing on the country in general. Perhaps it may be said that such legislation would be beneficial, and that therefore Wall Street, in showing lower values, would not represent the best interests of the country as I have pointed out that it does. As a matter of fact, no man can at this time say whether such consolidations are harmful or beneficial. If anything is to be learned from past experience, they are beneficial for the country at large. Therefore Wall Street, in showing lower quotations in the face of such antagonistic legislation, would again be pointing out that the best interests of the majority of the people were not being truly conserved.

For myself, I think that Wall Street would truly reflect the best interests of the American people if it met an anti-combination proposition in Congress with lower prices. Such railroad and industrial consolidations as we have had in the past have invariably resulted in the betterment of the conditions of the people living in the sections affected. Rate wars between railroads running through contiguous territory invariably hurt business. Values are unsettled, and while a few benefit from the cuts in freight and passenger rates, the majority suffer. Nobody knows on what basis he is trading. The farmer who ships his wheat to-day may find four or five cents cut off each bushel when he lands it, because in the meanwhile the warring roads that run through his town have cut four or five cents off his rates. The commission merchant is similarly affected. So, too, are all the dealers and suppliers in the town. Jones will be able to undersell Smith because he brought in his consignment of dry goods on Saturday, when the freight rate was twenty-five cents on each one hundred pounds; while Smith brought his in on the preceding Monday, when the rate was thirty cents.

A consolidation of the affected roads prevents such changes. It is the same with the industrial combinations. The so-called trust fixes a standard of price, and, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, it is undoubtedly the fact that business consolidations in the end always bring lower prices. A consolidation that is built on other lines than that of reducing the expenses for production through concentrated management, and of giving a relative reduction in selling prices, will come to grief sooner or later.

The Chief Factors at Washington

The factors most to be reckoned with in considering Washington's influence on Wall Street are, of course, Congress and the Executive. But the department of the National Government which makes itself felt most frequently is the Treasury. Wall Street being the financial centre of the country is necessarily in close touch with the financial centre of the Government. The Secretary of the Treasury can make himself a bugaboo to Wall Street at any time.

One of the most dreaded men who held the Treasury portfolio was Hugh McCulloch, who was Secretary of the Treasury from 1865 to 1869. Congress had passed an act authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to redeem greenbacks at his discretion, at the rate of $4,000,000 a month. The country was in the throes of readjusting itself to the business conditions after the Civil War, and needed all the money it could get for its business transactions. Mr. McCulloch had, apparently, no sympathy with this need, and month after month he called in the full quota of four millions, contracting the currency at a rate that imperiled all hope of reviving our industries.

Business men expostulated with him. Wall Street sent delegations of bankers and brokers, but the Secretary remained obdurate. Stock values on the Exchange were completely unsettled; in fact, everything became demoralized. No one knew at the end of the month how McCulloch might act, and the situation was entirely in his hands.

Keen speculators concluded that the Treasury Department would continue in its course, and that the volume of money must shortly be so small that a panic would ensue. The bears were triumphant. Just when they were about ready to get away with the spoils, and when the country had settled down to the belief that McCulloch would call in the greenbacks until none of them were left, Congress, influenced by the general clamor of business men, passed an act rescinding the power vested in the Secretary. Congress did not stop there, but passed another act declaring that the greenbacks already called in were still to be considered as part of our national currency, and were to be reissued as the requirements of trade and the Government demanded. This threw the pendulum in the other direction, and values went flying up almost out of sight. Fortunately for all concerned, President Grant signed the act repealing the $4,000,000 a month retiring law, but wisely vetoed the other act. This restored things to a normal basis, and Wall Street settled down to legitimate business transactions, based on the knowledge that the business men of the country knew where they stood, and could make their arrangements accordingly.

Head of the Treasury and His Powers

So powerful is the Secretary of the Treasury in mercantile and financial affairs of the nation that it has often been said that a certain conspicuous class of speculators controlled some of the most distinguished heads of the Treasury Department. These stories, however, always emanated from absolutely unreliable sources, but still they often had their influences on values. I do not recollect a single instance in which it was ever proven that a Secretary of the Treasury allowed himself to be corruptly influenced.

Naturally, the contraction of the circulating money medium depresses prices, as people have less funds to carry stocks with. An increased volume of money, on the other hand, just as naturally causes an advance in the price of securities, as with an abundance of money in circulation there are lots of people who seek investment besides those who buy for speculation. It is this fact that enables Washington to affect so materially the prices of stocks and the condition of speculation and business activity.

We had an excellent example of this early in the Administration of Mr. McKinley. In spite of the good times that followed his election in 1896, the early part of 1897 saw such a tight money market that Wall Street was seriously affected, and we had conditions that bordered almost on panic. People had no money with which to operate. Stocks that were offered could not be purchased because there had been such a steady inflow to the Treasury as to make money scarce in business channels.

In this emergency Secretary Gage brought relief to the business community by going into the open market to buy Government bonds. This released a great volume of cash that was tied up in the Treasury vaults, and thus produced easy conditions again. Later, in order to prevent all chance of the ordinary restrictions of trade caused by the locking up of money in the sub-Treasury, the Secretary adopted the excellent plan of keeping the Government money in circulation by authorizing the revenue collectors to make deposits in the various national depository banks throughout the country to the credit of the United States Treasury. I do not think that any other one Government policy contributed so much to the good times we have had in Wall Street and elsewhere for the last several years, and to the general healthy and active tone of business, as this plan of keeping Uncle Sam's money in the banks, where it is available for business interests, instead of locking it up in the Treasury where it would lie idle. Mr. Gage, whose wide experience as a banker enabled him to grasp the situation thoroughly, has, through his readiness to buy bonds whenever a tight money market was threatened, kept the country free from panics, when, had the methods pursued by some of the previous Administrations been followed, we might have had trouble not alone in Wall Street, but everywhere else.

Panics that Might Have Been Avoided

The mercantile and financial interests of the entire nation have been, on the whole, very prosperous since the first election of Mr. McKinley, because of the thorough capable business understanding that the authorities at Washington have of the needs of the country, and the manner in which the Treasury surplus funds have been used to maintain good times. Under some of the previous Administrations such good business management was entirely lacking, and the consequence was that numerous panics in Wall Street occurred which might very easily have been averted for the good of the country at large.

At the very outset of Mr. Cleveland's second term a panic of widespread dimensions manifested itself. The conditions

had been tending toward hard times because of the Sherman Silver Purchase Law, under which the Treasury was compelled to buy at least four million dollars' worth of silver each month. Europe had been eying us with suspicion for some time, fearing that we should come finally to a silver basis. In consequence, the European financial centres began rapidly to absorb our gold, throwing back on our hands the securities which they had bought of us at other times. Matters, which had been going from bad to worse, reached their climax through the wild scramble of the Europeans to get rid of their American securities. The Secretary of the Treasury could even then have stemmed the tide of adversity had he promptly issued, as he was authorized to do by the resumption of the Specie Payment Act, bonds for gold to provide a substantial gold reserve in the Treasury. The entire spring and summer of 1893 were consumed in speculating as to the probable outcome. In the meantime Wall Street was in a nervous condition that finally brought on practical paralysis which extended to the entire country. When finally the special session of Congress, for which the business world had made importunate demand for many weary months, was called, it was too late to stem the tide. Prices on the Stock Exchange had been going to pieces so long that even the calling of a special session to repeal the Sherman Act had no reassuring effect.

During his first term the effect of Mr. Cleveland's financial policy was to keep the country in a steady state, Wall Street, as usual, being the barometer. Through Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cleveland adopted his predecessor's plan of keeping national funds on deposit in the national depository banks throughout the country. In this way, at the most critical periods, mercantile and financial people had the aid of sixty million dollars of Government money in active use instead of having it locked up in the United States Treasury vaults.

The exercise of this liberal policy proved amply sufficient to maintain firm prices and active business in all markets even when we were threatened with adverse legislation in other directions.

The Causes that Led to Black Friday

Black Friday, the most sensational event in the financial history of the country, stands as the most striking illustration of the close connection between Washington and Wall Street, and shows, too, how, at times, there is an absolute domination of the National Capital.

Black Friday came about through the failure of a conspiracy to influence the Government to act in a preconcerted way. It was four years after the Civil War, in 1869, that Jay Gould and Jim Fisk hatched up a scheme to corner gold, which was not then in circulation at all, our main circulating medium being paper issued by the Government during war times. What gold there was in the country was hoarded by a comparatively few holders, outside of what was held by the Government as a reserve to give some sort of stability to our currency. The Government was aided by a number of patriotic men to hold on to the gold that it had, in order that the export of the yellow metal might be checked, and thereby kept in the country. Gould and Fisk took advantage of this patriotic action to drive the metal up to a higher premium. In order that they might be sure of their ground, they tried to inveigle the Administration into giving an assurance that the Government would not sell gold, no matter how great the pressure. General Grant, even though he knew nothing about the gold speculation on foot, refused to commit himself to the speculators. However, one of the members of the gold pool managed to meet the President, and impressed upon him the belief that it was necessary for the Government to hold on to the gold that it had until "it found its commercial level," and thereby to stimulate the export of our products in place of gold, which was then gradually being shipped out of the country.

So well was this worked that it was claimed that the President had given assurance that gold would not be sold under any circumstances. Then the pool began to run up the market price rapidly, soon causing panic conditions. When this was brought to the President's knowledge, through a telegram I sent to him, he instantly gave orders to the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Boutwell, to sell five million dollars of gold. This broke the corner, and a great many speculators were ruined. The wise action of the President succeeded finally in restoring things to a normal basis in the Street.

The Effects of the Specie Payment Act

The Black Friday episode depressed the stock market prodigiously. The resumption of specie payments which came in 1879, under Secretary Sherman, had just the opposite effect. It boomed prices tremendously and gave Wall Street and the entire country an era of prosperity unprecedented up to that time. In a measure the conditions were as they are to-day, though, of course, on a much smaller scale, because dealings on the Stock Exchange in those days were only about one-half as large as they are now. Under the Specie Payment Act, the Government pledged itself to pay on demand its outstanding obligations in coin. The advantage to the country was that this released probably about six hundred million dollars of gold that had been locked up in safety deposit vaults and elsewhere, and which the holders had been afraid to let go until the Government, by act of Congress, proclaimed that the paper money in circulation would be redeemed by the yellow metal on presentation at various sub-Treasuries. After the passage of the act the gold was not actually put in circulation, but was made to perform the functions of a circulating medium: from being a mere commercial commodity it became part and parcel of the volume of money in the nation. As soon as this act was approved, Wall Street held a jubilation, and business, which had almost disappeared from the Stock Exchange, jumped up at a tremendous rate.

The last exhibition of the close connection between Wall Street and Washington was given in the passage of the Currency Act, which firmly reestablished the circulating medium on a gold basis. If no record of the passage of this act really existed, it could still be read in the marvelous increase in confidence which has since taken place in Wall Street and everywhere else, especially in Europe.

Miss James—A Mystery *By* W. L. Alden

CAPTAIN FOSTER told me this story one summer evening as we sat together on the veranda of his cottage, on the height overlooking the Nantucket beach. The Captain is one of the few survivors of the race of retired sea-captains who once formed, with their families, the entire population of Nantucket. They have gradually dwindled and vanished before the incoming flood of summer boarders and boarding-house keepers, until now a Nantucket shipmaster of the old school is almost as rare as a Western buffalo.

"Some folks think they can't never be deceived," remarked Captain Foster; "but they are the very ones to get taken in, and made to believe all sorts of ridiculous yarns. Why, I once had a scientific chap along with me as passenger in the James P. Thompson, when I was in the Blackball Line, and he thought he knew everything there was to be known. When I told him one day about a man who was cast away in a boat, and lived twenty-seven days without anything to eat except the pages of Norie's Navigation, that by some chance happened to be in the boat, this scientific gentleman wouldn't believe me, and said that if I supposed I could make him believe any such preposterous story I was mistaken. And yet that man believed that he knew exactly how much every blessed star in the heavens weighed, and what its gross tonnage was. He could believe a thing like that, though he was always bragging that no man could deceive him. But that's poor human nature! There ain't none of us that hasn't their weaknesses, though I'm free to say, being a man much older than you, sir, and having led a long and middling useful life, that I never could see that I had any particular weakness, unless it was a short temper when I was young, and I cured myself of that long ago.

"Now, there was Captain Pratt, of the old Natchez, in the Boston and China trade. And there was Joe Hoxie, who was mate along with him at the time I am thinking of. You never saw two men who were so certain that nobody could impose on them, but there was one occasion when one or both of them was mighty badly taken in, and made to look ridiculous in the eyes of their people, which, to my mind, is one of the worst things that can happen to a ship's officer. The way of it was this:

"The Natchez was outward bound from Boston, and had just got clear of the harbor, running with all plain sail set before a nice easterly breeze, and heading about south-southwest, and doing her six knots, which for her was all that could have been expected, considering that she was pretty deep, and was an old-fashioned, full-built ship. She had just cleared the headlands—the mate, this Joe Hoxie that I was just speaking about, being in the charge of the deck—when a boy, who had been chosen into the port watch, came aft and asked to speak to the mate.

"'Well, what is it?' said Hoxie, who wasn't in a very good temper at leaving home, and wasn't at any time what you call a genial sort of man, though he never hit a sailor who come to make a complaint to him till he had heard a part of what the man had to say.

"'I came to tell you, sir,' said the boy, 'that I can't possibly live for another hour in that dreadful place where the men are.'

"'Meaning, I suppose,' said Hoxie, 'the fo'c's'le. Perhaps you'd prefer to take the Captain's room. What's the matter with you, anyway?'

"'I don't mind the place, sir,' said the boy, 'though it is awfully dark and dirty, but I can't stay with those dreadful men. The language they use is something terrible, and two of them are half drunk already.'

"'What did you expect when you came to sea?' asked the mate. 'Was you calculating to find a crew of college professors? Now you go forrard, and let me hear no more of this nonsense, or you'll hear some language from me that will lay over anything you've heard in the fo'c's'le. The crew is a good crew, and if you want to live to see Hongkong, I'd advise you not to complain of them again.'

"'But, sir,' says the boy, 'I can't go back there. The language of those men is so awful that I can't begin to tell you about it. Please let me see the Captain. I am sure he will listen to me.'

"Just then Captain Pratt came up the companionway, and hearing the boy asking to see him, said, in his quiet, fatherly sort of way, which I'm free to say I never held with: 'Come here, my boy, and let's hear what you've got to say.'

"The boy went over to the Captain, and as the mate was glad to get rid of him, and didn't feel called to take any further hand in the matter, he just went forrard to the waist of the ship, and leaned over the weather rail, watching the headlands fading away, and wishing, as every sailor does when he starts on a voyage, that he'd never been such a fool as to go to sea.

"The boy made the same complaint to the Captain that he had made to the mate, and the old man, being the mildest-tempered man that ever commanded a ship, listened to him, and then said: 'I'm sorry, my boy, that you don't find things in the fo'c's'le exactly what they ought to be, but it can't be helped. You just do your duty and pay no attention to language, which is a thing as never hurt nobody except those who use it.'

"'Very well, Captain,' says the boy. 'I know you are a good man, and I've decided to tell you the truth. I'm not a boy at all.'

"'You ain't a boy!' says the Captain, considerably astonished. 'Then what are you? You ain't goin' to pretend that you are a man, for you shipped as boy, and lucky you were to get the chance.'

"'I'm a girl, sir,' replies the boy; and then they say that Captain Pratt just dropped down in the cabin skylight and sat there for about a minute, looking for all the world as if he had had a stroke.

"'You're a girl!' says the Captain as soon as he fairly got his breath. 'Why, what do you mean by it? How dare you be a girl aboard this ship, which never carries women on no account, considering that I'm not a married man, and have got my ruppitation to look after?'

"The boy burst out crying, and told a long story about not being happy at home in consequence of having a step-mother, and having run away disguised as a boy, with the idea of being a sailor, because his brother was a sailor.

"'Where did you get your clothes?' asks the Captain. 'They look as if you'd worn them for the last year, and you said just now that you ran away only three days ago. You just explain about those clothes, and remember that you're dealing with a man that can't be took in by nobody.'

"'They are old clothes that my brother left the last time he was at home, sir. He is an officer now, and they wouldn't be of any use to him. So I took them. I am sure he wouldn't have objected, for he had thrown them away.'

"'Oh, I don't mind what your brother objects to,' said Pratt. 'What I object to is having a woman, or a girl, or anything in that general line, aboard the Natchez. But there! don't cry any more. Nobody is going to hurt you. Just you go down into the cabin, and stay there till I consult with the mate and make up my mind what to do with you. What can't be cured must be endured, and if so be that you are a girl, I don't see as there is any help for it.'

"The Captain laid the matter before the mate, telling him that the boy was a girl, and asking for his opinion as to what could be done about it.

"'How do you know the fellow is a girl?' asked the mate. 'What proof is there that he is speaking the truth?'

"'Of course there ain't no what you might call circumstantial evidence,' says the Captain, 'but I haven't any manner of doubt that what the boy says is true. Come to think of it, he does look a good deal more like a girl than he does like a boy.'

"'I don't believe him, sir,' said the mate. 'I'm not one that can be taken in by any lazy sailor, boy or man, who wants to get rid of work. If I was you I should tell the boy that as his name appears on the ship's articles as a boy, that makes him a boy, and boy he'll have to be as long as this voyage lasts. That's good law, and good sense, according to my idea. Why, if we back down and let this fellow impose on us, two-thirds of the crew will be coming aft and swearing they are women, and asking to live in the cabin, and shirk all work except perhaps a little sewing.'

"'That's all very well, Mr. Hoxie,' says Pratt, 'but you forget that as a Christian man it's my duty to be merciful. I

believe that the boy is a girl, and I ha'n't got the heart to send a girl to live in the fo'c's'le. He'll have to stop aft, and the only thing we can do is to rate him as stewardess. I've known ships that carried stewardesses when there wasn't a single passenger of any sort on board. I can't see as my ruppitation ought to suffer if we carry a stewardess from here to Hongkong. Leastways I don't think it will suffer with folks that knows me.'

"'They are just the ones to think the worst of a man,' said the mate. 'It was always my wife, or my sister, or the minister's wife in our town who was suspicious that I didn't keep straight when I was away from home. It's lucky that you haven't got a wife, Captain Pratt, or she'd hear about the stewardess, and then there would be daybreak to westward.'

"'Well, I've got to risk it,' said the Captain. 'The boy, being a girl, has got to be berthed aft, and there's no help for it. It's pretty rough on a décent man to have one of his crew turn out to be a girl, but I suppose it's sent to me for some good end, and I shall try to improve it as I ought to.'

"The Captain returned to the cabin, where he informed the boy that henceforth he would be rated as stewardess, and would live aft. 'And,' says the Captain, waving his forefinger in the air, 'I shall expect you to conduct yourself as a respectable stewardess should, and not repay my kindness to a friendless girl by damaging my ruppitation.'

"The boy said he would be everlastingly grateful to him, and would do anything in his power to prove his gratitude.

"'That's all right, my son!—leastways, my girl,' says Pratt. 'And the first thing for you to do is to make a petticoat—if you don't mind my mentioning the name. I can't have you going 'round in those boys' clothes. It ain't the sort of thing that ought to be done anywhere, especially on board a Christian ship. You make yourself a petticoat, and some of the other things that girls wear—gussets and such like—and then you'll feel more fit to be seen than you do now.'

"'But, Captain,' said the boy, 'I know I ought to wear proper clothes, but I haven't any, and I don't know how to make them.'

"'Every woman knows how to sew,' says the Captain, 'and I'll give you some light canvas and you can fit yourself out in no time.'

"'But I don't know how to sew, only a very little,' says the boy. 'You see, my mother only taught me to play the piano and dance and things like that.'

"'Then,' says Pratt, 'she must have been a worldly woman, and I don't so much wonder to see her daughter wearing boys' clothes. However, you'll just have to turn to and learn to sew. You've got to have a petticoat, and it wouldn't be decent for one of the men to make it for you. By the by, what might your real name be?'

"'Henrietta James,' replies the boy.

"'Very well, Miss James,' says the Captain; 'I don't want to be too familiar with a young lady that I haven't been introduced to, so after this I'll call you Miss James. You can have that cabin opposite, and being rated as stewardess, you'll be expected to act as such, though there won't be anything for you to do. Now I'll send you that there canvas, and a palm and needle, and you'll please bend a new petticoat before you come on deck again.'

"The boy—though, when I call him such for convenience, I don't mean to imply that he might not have been a girl—turned to and made a pretty decent petticoat, as Pratt allowed, though I don't consider him much of a judge of women's clothes. What with a white petticoat, and a blue flannel shirt, and a straw hat belonging to the Captain, Miss James looked middling shipshape the next time she came on deck, and the Captain made her some compliments on her sewing.

"You see, never having been a married man, he didn't understand the difference between the sort of sewing that women do and the way a sailor sews. So just to keep up his authority, and to show Miss James—as I'll call the boy after this—that she must obey orders, he sent her down to his room to sew a button on to the front of his black silk waistcoat.

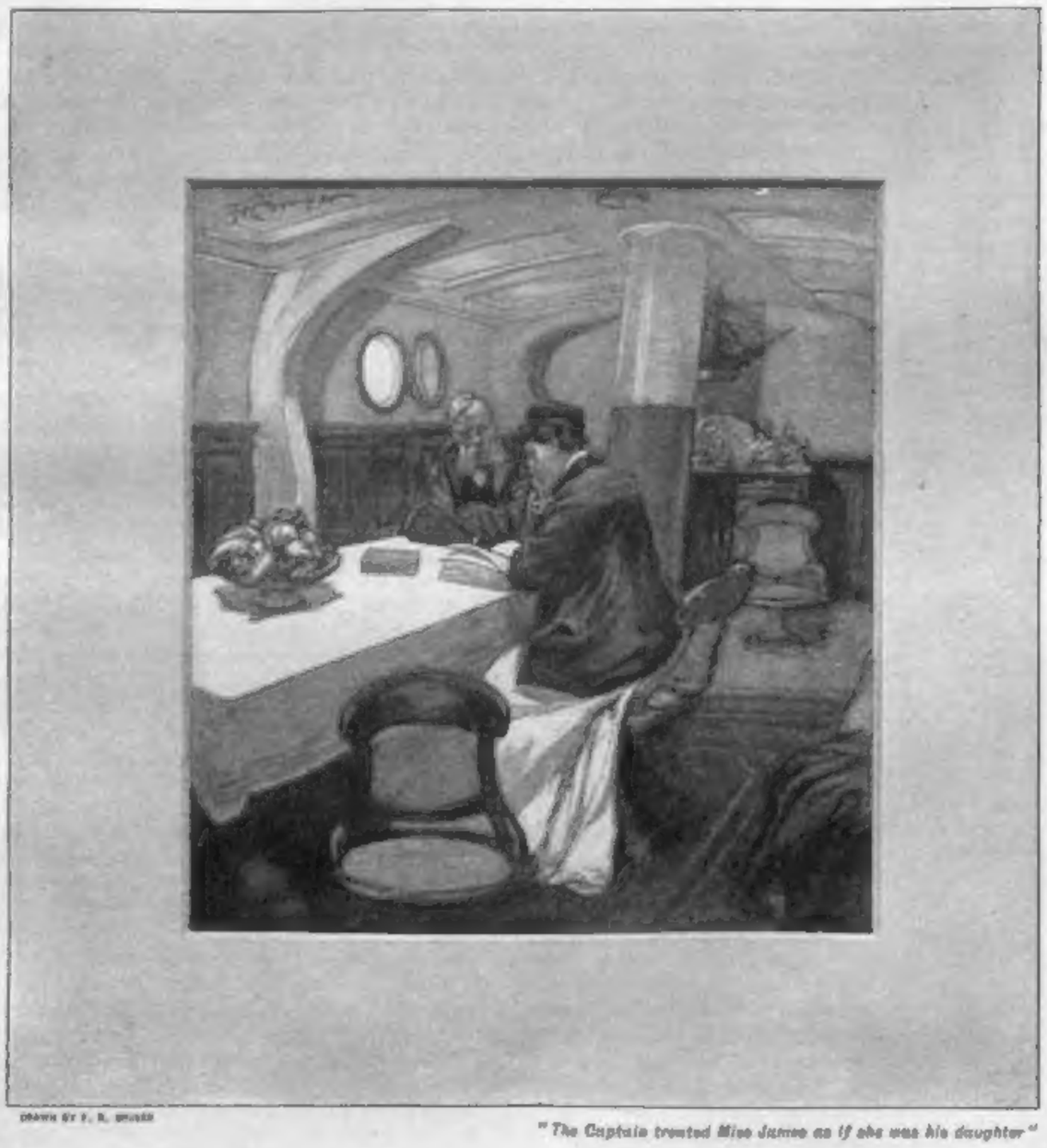
"The next day Pratt comes on deck carrying his waistcoat on his arm, and told the mate to look at the first-class way in which Miss James has sewed on the button. Says he: 'Anybody can see, Mr. Hoxie, by just looking at that button, that it was sewed on by a girl. Why, it's made fast so solid that you couldn't pull it off if you hooked a watch tackle to it, and led the fall to the capstan.'

"'That proves to me,' said the mate, 'that Miss James, as you call her, isn't no girl whatsoever. When did a girl ever sew on a button so as it would stay sewed on? You've had buttons sewed on by washerwomen ashore, and I ask you, as man to man, if you ever knew one of them to stand any strain? No, sir! That button was sewed on by somebody with the intellects of a sailorman into him, and you can make your mind up to that.'

"'But,' says Pratt, 'look at her petticoat. How could anybody but a girl make a petticoat? I ask you that.'

"'Nothing is easier,' says Hoxie—though he knew no more about petticoats than Pratt knew. 'Besides, wasn't that petticoat made of canvas? Did ever you know a girl or a woman to make anything out of canvas, or to sew with a palm and needle? Don't you let yourself be imposed upon, Captain Pratt. Miss James ain't no girl of any sort or description, but just a boy who is malingering. You watch and you'll see.'

"Nothing could alter the Captain's belief that Miss James was a girl, and nothing could make Hoxie believe that she wasn't a boy. The two would have argued the question all the way to Hongkong if it hadn't been that Hoxie lost his temper one day, and cussed Miss James pretty free, and after that the Captain was a little shy of arguing with him. The Captain was mighty careful of what he called his ruppitation, but for all that he treated Miss James as if she was his daughter. He'd sit down alongside of her on the settee by the cabin skylight, and get her to tell him all about herself and her folks. And they do say she told some pretty stiff yarns, but the old man hoisted them all in. She said that her mother was dead, and her father had married a woman who drank, and that the woman had tried to starve her to death, and to make her drink rum with her. Miss James said that she was a teetotaler—which was precisely what Captain Pratt was, though in most other respects he was a good seaman—and so, sooner than be in danger of being made a drunkard against her will, she put on boys' clothes and ran away to sea. She said she could play the piano so well that folks often came all the way from Boston—about seventy-five miles—to hear her, and that a man had offered her a thousand dollars a week to travel around the country with him and play in concerts. She wouldn't do it, because she didn't consider it respectable for a girl to travel around



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"The Captain treated Miss James as if she was his daughter"

in that way, and to show herself for money to the public. Lots of such yarns she told the old man, and he never doubted any one of them, but just sat and said every now and then: 'Good girl!' or, 'That was right, my girl!'

"On the other hand, Hoxie wouldn't believe a word that Miss James said. When the Captain told him some of the wonderful events of Miss James' life, he just listened without expressing any opinion, except to say every now and then: 'Well! Of all the liars I ever struck that Miss James takes the cake.' You see, he didn't want to seem too doubtful about Miss James' stories for fear that Pratt would say something personal, and as a general thing he liked to keep on good terms with his commanding officer, but the more Pratt told him, the more he believed that Miss James was only a malingering boy.

"One night Miss James came on deck alone, about eight o'clock, it being a moonlight night, and the weather being fine. And she goes up to the mate, and says, in a smiling, girlish sort of way: 'You don't like me, Mr. Mate?'

"'No! I don't,' says Hoxie, very short.

"'It's a shame for you to dislike a poor, friendless girl,' says Miss James. 'I wonder at you, Mr. Mate. And you try to set the Captain against me. That's what I call mean.'

"'Call it what you like,' says Hoxie. 'If I was Captain of this ship you'd soon find out that you couldn't make a fool of me like you do of him.'

"'How do I make a fool of that good, dear man?' says Miss James.

"'By pretending that you're a girl when you're nothing of the sort,' replies Hoxie.

"With that Miss James ups and gives him a good smack in the face with the flat of her hand, and sends him into the lee scuppers, with the unexpectedness of the blow. The mate didn't hit back, but he just took Miss James by the shoulders and ran her to the companionway, and bundled her down below. 'You come on deck again while I'm there, and the Captain ain't,' says he, 'and I'll give you a rope's end, no matter if you're wearing forty petticoats.' And I'm free to say that I don't blame him, for it is a hard thing for a mate to take a blow from anybody, especially when he is in command of the deck. I shouldn't have blamed Hoxie if he had given Miss James a good dressing down, but of course that would have been yielding to a sinful impulse, for we ought never to get angry unless there is mighty good reason for it, and there's a fair chance that it will prove profitable.

"Hoxie told the Captain what Miss James had done, and he said that it was absolute proof that she wasn't a girl. 'Did ever a girl go to strike the mate of a ship unless, of course, he was ashore and in bad company?' says he. 'And did any girl of any sort, kind or description ever strike such a solid blow as she struck me? I'd like you to answer those questions fair and honest, Captain Pratt.'

"'I don't see no marks on your face,' says Pratt.

"'That's because Miss James, as you call her, or him, or it, struck me with the flat of its hand.'

"'That settles it!' said Pratt joyfully. 'No man or boy ever strikes with the flat of his hand, but a girl always does. I recollect that my brother's wife always—— But there! It's no use arguing the question any more. Nobody but a girl would have dared to strike the officer of the watch, and nobody but a girl would ever strike with the flat of the hand. If you please, Mr. Hoxie, we'll not discuss this question no more.'

"'And am I to be knocked into the scuppers every time Miss James feels like letting into me?' asked Hoxie.

"'I shall, of course, speak to the young woman,' says Pratt, 'and I'm sure that after this she'll treat you properly.'

"The day before the ship got into Hongkong, Captain Pratt comes to the mate and says: 'Mr. Hoxie, I've pretty well made up my mind to marry Miss James as soon as we get to where there's a minister handy. I've been an unmarried man all my days, but now I begin to see the error of my ways. Besides, there's my ruppitation to be considered. What do you think of this idea?'

"'Do girls chew tobacco?' asked Hoxie.

"'Never as I heard of,' says Pratt.

"'Well, I saw your Miss James chewing tobacco a few nights ago, when she thought nobody was looking. I didn't say nothing, but I just came and stood between her and the companionway, so as she couldn't go below, and after she had pretty nigh choked herself, trying to pretend that she had nothing in her mouth, she went to the side and got rid of that tobacco like an old sailor.'

"'You must be mistaken, Mr. Hoxie,' says Pratt. 'However, we won't argue. I'll just ask Miss James about the tobacco, and I know she'll tell me the truth.'

"Well, the ship got into Hongkong, and there was the usual crowd of sampans alongside. All hands were busy stripping the ship and nobody noticed Miss James, who was supposed to be down below. But that night the Captain found that she was missing, and nothing would convince him that she hadn't fallen overboard and drowned herself. He was considerably cut up about it, but when he had got over the shock he admitted to Hoxie that perhaps on the whole it was all for the best, and that he, being an old man and set in his ways, might never have been able to make a young wife happy.

"Hoxie let Pratt talk without ever contradicting him, but he always believed that Miss James had put on her boys' clothes, and slipped ashore in a sampan, and probably shipped as boy in some outgoing vessel. He never admitted to any one that she was a girl, and he told me long afterward that he was pretty nearly dead sure that he met Miss James one day, cruising along the highway in London, in sailor's dress, and with a good-sized mustache. He was so sure of it that he licked the fellow then and there, and got forty shillings fine for it. 'Anyway,' he used to say, 'even if he wasn't Miss James, he was enough like him to make the licking I gave him so satisfactory that it would have been cheap at double the price.'"

Captain Foster ended his tale and filled a fresh pipe.

"But," said I, "you haven't yet told me your opinion about Miss James. Was she a boy or a girl?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "I arrived out in Hongkong about a week after the Natchez had sailed for home, and up at the Captain's club that night I heard a yarn about a boy who had shipped aboard the Natchez and made the Captain believe that he was a girl. The story went on to say that the boy got very drunk in Hongkong and knifed a lascar belonging to a P. and O. boat, and got ten years for it in jail. But when I asked at the police court and the American Consulate, nobody had ever heard of the stabbing case, and no boy or girl had been sentenced to ten years for any sort of offense within the memory of man. All I can say about it is that if Miss James was a girl, then the mate was pretty badly taken in, and if she was a boy, then Pratt was taken in. And considering that they both always boasted that nobody ever had fooled them or ever could, all I'm prepared to say is that in my opinion the chances are that both of them were more or less wrong."

Twenty-Five Years in Grand Opera

By Edouard de Reszké

ONE day I went to Paris as an amateur, with no thought of ever undertaking an operatic career, and merely as companion to my sister Josephine, who was engaged to sing at the Salle Ventadour, so rich in the best traditions, and connected with the careers of so many great artists. Whatever career I may have achieved I have Verdi to thank for it. It was he who first engaged me to sing, and it was as the King in his Aïda that I made my début. I had been singing some in drawing-rooms, as an amateur only, and one night Mr. Leon Escudier, the editor and publisher of Verdi's works in Paris, happened to hear me. The composer was himself in Paris at that time, supervising arrangements for the first performance there of his Aïda.

Verdi had brought the troupe which was to present his opera from Italy. Madame Stoltz was to sing the Aïda, Madame Waldman the Amneris, Masini the Rhadames, Pandolfini, Amonasro, and Medini, Ramifis. The entire cast was complete except the King. For two weeks they had been searching for a King. Then it was that Mr. Escudier heard me sing and told Verdi of me, and I sang to him. Verdi helped me with the rôle, and ten days later I made my début in Paris at the Salle Ventadour, which is connected with the names of Tambourini, Patti, and so many famous artists. The date was April 8, 1876. On the eighth of April, therefore, I shall celebrate the jubilee of my twenty-fifth year in opera—a quarter of a century.

If I have made a career I have Verdi to thank, for I never thought of it. But in all the years that I sang I saved not one penny until 1890, when I came to America. I was on this account about to abandon the opera. It did not seem the career for me. It was always pay out. There was never the opportunity to save, and I never played cards. The tenor is paid well, the basso badly. It is well to sing, but it is better to make shoes than to sing without pay. Glory is well enough, but after one is old what is one to do? It was only America that gave me remuneration and the pleasure of my art combined. If it had not been for America I should have given up the opera.

For two years after the Aïda engagement at the Salle Ventadour I was engaged by Mr. Escudier to sing and was there associated with the great artists of the era.

When I sang for the first time in Milan at La Scala it was in Boccanegra, by Verdi, and again under his direction. He attended all the rehearsals and was indefatigable. Those rehearsals lasted for eight hours each. Verdi was never pleased, never satisfied, until after the success of the first performance. Then he would embrace or kiss the singers and beg their pardon for all the harsh things he had said in rehearsal. "For I know," he said, "that artists can always do better than they do. And it is not until the first performance is over that I am satisfied that they have done their best."

He was a charming man, a sweet character, but difficult to please. He was a genius; that expresses it. I shall never forget the way he conducted that first Aïda performance in Paris. It was a great, a memorable occasion, and a happy omen for the beginning of my career.

For two seasons my brother Jean sang with me at the opera as a baritone. I knew always that he was a tenor, and he himself knew it to be a fact. It was timidity alone that kept him from essaying the tenor rôles. Finally he decided that he would make his début as a tenor in Italy. For that purpose we journeyed to Milan, where the agents for the opera houses are, to arrange for such an appearance in some small opera house. His desire was to sing in L'Africaine.

I learned of an opportunity at Como, on Lake Como, through hearing the announcement: "The tenor there who sings the rôle is ill."

To Como we went. When the tenor who was ill heard of our arrival he declared himself completely recovered.

And so, after a stay of three days, we went back to Milan without my brother having sung at all. There I met Ricordi, Massenet, and some others, in the street, and in response to inquiries I told them I was in Italy to attend the début of my brother. "Never mind that," was the reply. "We want you to sing in Le Roi de Lahore."

Massenet was there for the purpose of supervising and directing the first performance in Italy of his opera. My brother seized the import of the situation. To sing there and make a success would mean recognition all over the world. "It is a great chance for you," my brother said; "never mind me." Thus urged by his unselfishness, I accepted and sang. I made a success. Then I had to sing in the Marie Tudor by Gomez, the Brazilian composer, then living in Italy. After that success I was engaged to sing in Trieste and Genoa, and Ponchielli chose me to sing in his La Gioconda.

It was in 1879 that I sang first in Massenet's opera in Italy. The following year, while I was singing at the opera in Turin, Mr. Gye made a trip to Italy to secure artists, heard me sing, and engaged me for Covent Garden. There I made my London début in the same year, and there, with the exception of perhaps three seasons, I have sung every spring and summer since—for twenty-one years in all.

Mr. Edouard de Reszké as Wotan

In 1881 I was engaged to sing at Lisbon, where my sister also sang. We gave for the first time there Wagner's Lohengrin. We sang a great deal at Court, the King being an ardent music lover. He decorated me with the Order of the Commander of Christ, and my brother, who sang at Court then as an amateur, was decorated with the Order of Santiago.

In 1883 my brother Jean and I were engaged by M. Maurel to sing at the Théâtre des Nations in Paris, and there it was that my brother Jean made his début as a tenor in Massenet's Hérodiade. Madame Fidès Devriès and M. Maurel were in the cast. The success achieved was such that Massenet wrote Le Cid for my brother and myself, and we first sang in it at the Paris Grand Opera. Prior to that our appearances in Massenet's Hérodiade had been at the Comique. At the Grand Opera we remained until 1890, going in the London season to sing at Covent Garden. In 1890 we received a command from His Imperial Majesty, the Czar, to come to St. Petersburg, where we sang in opera with Madame Melba and other artists.

In 1891 came the engagement of Mr. Grau for America, and of that happy season, and the ones that have followed it, I need not speak. It is only natural that with us both, my brother and myself, America and the Americans should be held dear. I had sung for fifteen years in opera, and had I not come to America I should have given up the career.

Three years ago my brother Jean received the Victorian Order from Her Majesty Queen Victoria, after a performance of Lohengrin at Windsor. Last year I received the same decoration from Her Majesty after a performance of Faust at Windsor Castle. It is a decoration highly prized, and has been bestowed upon Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir Henry Irving.

In every Court that we have sung royalty has been most gracious. The Czar Nicholas and the Czar Alexander were always kind, and so was Queen Victoria, who directed us to be served from the royal gold plate at Windsor. On the occasion of the Czar Nicholas' first visit to Poland, after his coronation, we sang at the state performance of Lohengrin, and also at the festivities at the palace. It was then that His Imperial Majesty decorated my brother and myself with the Order of St. Stanislaus.

After the opera seasons in America and London we go each summer to the baths, often to Mt. Dore, and to our homes in Poland, where I am happy to be once more with my family and in my native land. There I study, and there, too, I enjoy watching the training and progress of my horses, until the time comes around again for my return to America.

Of the great composers in whose works I have sung under their own direction, in addition to Verdi, I must mention three performances of Rubinstein's Daemon, that he conducted in London at Covent Garden. After that came the celebration of the five-hundredth performance of Faust at the Paris Grand Opera, under the direction of Gounod, who was so good and so kind. Subsequently came the production of Romeo and Juliet by Gounod, in which my brother and I sang with Madame Patti.

We live so quietly, there is so much study, there are so many rehearsals and performances, that, after all, our lives are quiet and uneventful ones. In looking back there appears little to chronicle, and time so fully occupied seems short.

De Reszké Off the Stage

By William Armstrong

MR. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, his kind face half obscured by a cloud of tobacco smoke, prepared the accompanying article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. To write in English was to him impossible, for the reason that he feels more at home in the languages in which he has sung longest—Italian, French and German. The work of collaboration was a slow one, with many pauses, to be sure that the exact meaning of his words was held in their English equivalents.

The operatic career of Mr. Edouard de Reszké will, on the eighth of April of the current year, have covered a quarter of a century. The main episodes characterizing it he gives in the accompanying article—the epitome of a career that has placed him in a unique position in the operatic world. And yet, with it all, between the lines it will be evident, even to the casual observer, that ambition and thought of self have been secondary, and that steadfast purpose and interest in his brother's career have effaced the thought of self which is so freely attributed to singers.

Whether in the make-up of Mephisto or the garb of Friar Lawrence, nothing disturbs the kindly expression of his face, which reflects a heart in keeping with his giant stature. It beamed through the cloud of tobacco smoke as he queried: "Now, how and where shall I begin?" Then he quickly took up the subject, answering himself by beginning at the beginning of his career. He would halt now and then, lost in thought for a moment, as he tried to recall the date of some appearance, and his tone seldom varied from its customary conversational cadence, except when his brother, Mr. Jean de Reszké, was the theme. In giving the details of his own career he turned always to that of his brother, with which it has been completely identified; for where the one brother

Mr. Edouard de Reszké, Miss Fritz Scheff and Mr. David Bispham at the Alamo, San Antonio

Mr. Campanari

Mr. William Parry, Mr. Pol Plançon and a giant in New Orleans

Mr. Sulzer and Mr. Tonbart de la Tour

Miss Fritz Scheff, Mr. Edouard de Reszké, Mr. Pol Plançon and Messrs. Blass, Dippel and Dome

has sung the other has sung also. It was a season ago in Chicago that the Polish giant said regretfully when a friend condoled with him because he had the grip: "Yes; and it would not have happened if Jean had been here."

The greatness of heart that goes so often with great stature is Mr. Edouard de Reszké's. "I am always nervous when any of my people are ill, but I am never nervous for myself. The thought of how they are when I am away from them follows me even upon the stage. One night a singer engaged in the cast said to me, 'It has been a fine day.'

"'I think it is about ten o'clock,' I answered.

"'Have you lost your mind?' came the startled exclamation. Just then my cue was given in the orchestra, and I sang. 'What did you ask me just now?' I queried when I had finished. The question was repeated, and then I knew quite well why I had aroused suspicions as to my sanity."

It was during the Chicago season of 1893, in his dressing-room between the acts at the final presentation, and when I went to say good-by to him, that he looked at me through clouds of tobacco smoke, and said: "You look tired. Don't write any more about the season. You have been very good to my brother and me. Go home and don't say a word about us and this performance. You need rest."

He was genuine in his expression. Even if it had been the first performance, instead of the last, his words would have been the same if there had been a similar cause to inspire them.

In those same days Mr. Jean de Reszké said that he regarded America as a holy land for artists; that in other parts of the world an artist serves a lifetime in his art and dies poor. "In America," he added, "it is different. Sometimes artists complain of the long journeys and great distances. I refer them always to the recompense for these ordeals." The words of Mr. Edouard de Reszké in this article show that but for America he would have abandoned an operatic career for some other calling in 1890.

Disinterested and Ready to Help Others

If a colleague falls suddenly ill or a sacrifice of his personal comfort is necessary to the presentation of an opera, Mr. de Reszké stands ready to sing the rôle. Quite recently, in the current season, he sang the King in Le Cid in Philadelphia one night, completed the task of getting rid of make-up and stage paraphernalia in the neighborhood of two o'clock in the morning, and took an early train for New York. That night he sang Leporello in Mozart's Don Giovanni. The placing of the voice had been for a deep rôle in the part of the King. With the Don Giovanni came the demand for comedy and a higher placing of the voice, a circumstance which musicians will fully appreciate. Mr. de Reszké merely said: "Mr. Grau begged me to sing to save the performance. But, really, Mr. Grau seems always asking me to save the performance." The utter good humor in his tone made the implied satire the more comical.

To the general public, stage fright, an unhappiness associated with the experiences of the novice, would seem many degrees removed from the artist of a quarter of a century's routine, and yet such is far from actuality. Under accustomed conditions and amid accustomed surroundings the expected happens, but away from these customary surroundings the reverse is the rule. Many great artists are nervous in increasing ratio with the degree of their experience. Others again are affected mainly on first nights in a new rôle, on the first production of an opera, or on their first appearance in a strange land. Again, the concert appearance is an ordeal to the operatic artist. Surrounded by the scenery and accessories of opera, with the accompanying costumes and paraphernalia, all is accepted as a matter of course and as in the customary run of affairs. In the dress of every day and with the orchestra upon the stage instead of in the pit below it; with the stage itself divested of familiar scenery, and the eyes of the audience focused upon the advancing soloist amid strange surroundings and under altered conditions, the situation is oddly reversed. In Philadelphia, last spring, such a combination affected Mr. Edouard de Reszké to the point of seriously interfering with his performance. He had obligingly come from New York to sing in concert in a patriotic cause. Admiral Dewey had come from Washington to assist with his presence. Before Mr. de Reszké sang the beating of his heart affected his breathing, nor did he recover from it till after his numbers were ended—and this with twenty-four years of experience behind him!

A giant in size and in heart, with deep personal regret when the fact is forced upon him that there is such a thing as strife and unkindness in the world, Mr. Edouard de Reszké is amiably wandering through it, grasping the good, holding fast to optimism, seeing the best in people and in things, and always through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

Practical Business Honesty

By William H. Maher

THERE is a wide difference between theoretical honesty and practical honesty.

The young man who has secured his first position in the shop, the store or the office will do well to ponder upon this, and to make it perfectly clear to himself—so clear that never again in all his life will he need to search for the solution.

Theoretical honesty was taught him at his mother's knee, again in his reading books, in the Sabbath school, and in his favorite stories. In these latter the dishonest boy always came to a bad end, and the honest youth secured all the prizes of life.

The theory and the maxims supporting it are so smooth and so invariable that the healthy boy assumes an intention to be honest, as he believes that he will grow and is bound to prosper. His intentions and his training have all been along the line that honesty is not only the best but the only policy that he can adopt.

When he goes to work in a shop the tools and the materials are his employer's. As he handles them and works with them and among them they are distinctly the property of another; it needs long familiarity with them before he begins to think of them as things that he might use or wear or give to others.

The time may come, however, when the thought enters his mind that if he had such a tool as this at home he could do something more easily than would be possible otherwise. The things he handles, or makes, or sees others making around him begin to look as if they were his property. The thing he desires at that present moment is of but very small value. He is confident that if he asked his overseer for it that person would tell him to take it and welcome.

Theoretical Honesty in Business

Believing this, and it is the truth, he takes the article home and uses it giving it no second thought. Theoretically he has done nothing dishonest, for he did not intend to steal, and it is the intention that makes the crime. Theoretically he has not stolen, for that which he took was of trifling value, and if he had asked for it, it would have been given him willingly.

But practically he is dishonest. In that world where facts are facts, and nice distinctions cut no figure, he has taken the property of another without that other's consent, and he is a thief.

The next step finds him taking home something of slightly more value; yet he is still sure that no one would object to his doing this. He then takes something more, but no longer with the excuse that it has no value, but because "it will not be missed." He wants a file, for instance. Here is a package containing ten new files; no one will miss it if he takes one, and "a file isn't much, anyway" in a shop where so many are used up every month.

Or he wants something that is made in the factory. There is so much material lying around, and so many of the tools in various stages of manufacture, that no one will miss it if he takes one from the packing bench; so he helps himself to it.

In theory, during all this time, he considers himself strictly honest, for he has looked upon the stolen things as having little value, and as really being the perquisites of a boy doing his work.

The steps that follow are easy. He shows the tool he has stolen to a companion who wants it and will trade something for it, and it changes hands. He takes home another which he trades or sells to some other boy, and the chances are he will continue at this until he is caught.

A boy goes into a store. He is impressed by the stock of valuable merchandise around him, and to which he has complete access. He spends his spare moments looking at the wonders of the new world into which he has entered. The store may be full of good things to eat, or of things to wear, or of tools to use.

He sees, handles and admires the stock, watches the sales, and helps put up orders. His mind starts out with a very clear idea that none of these goods are his. If he wants something out of the store for his own use he is careful to deal with one of the older clerks, so that the transaction shall be open and aboveboard. But as he grows more at home with his place and his surroundings he waits upon himself, though paying for his purchase with some ostentation, so that there shall be witnesses to the fact that he did pay for the goods he took.

A day comes when it suggests itself to him that if he took the article he wants no one in the store would know whether he had paid for it or not; as it seems to him to be a very small matter, anyway, he acts upon this thought, and the first step downward is taken. The others follow in their natural sequence.

Let him go into an office to work. The cash, he observes, is handled with great care. He notices that the bookkeeper will often work an hour or two to make his cash balance, though the error is one of but a few cents. This impresses him that "cash" is something of very great importance, and that it must not be touched.

Practical Honesty in Business

But a drawer containing postage stamps seems to be every one's property. The bookkeeper uses these as freely upon his personal letters as upon the firm's correspondence. Clerks come in every hour of the day to get stamps for their own use, and they help themselves exactly as they would take a pin from a well-filled pincushion.

The boy has correspondents, and here where paper, envelopes and stamps are to be had without even the asking, he devotes a good part of his spare time to writing to his cronies. He sees offers of booklets and pamphlets that are to be had for the asking, and though he has little, if any, interest in the subjects, he dearly loves to receive mail. Here are postal cards at his hand, and he sends for almost everything that a generous public offers "free."

Many announcements promise samples for a stamp or two, so he sends the required amount—helping himself from the office drawer.

This is so common in offices that my business readers will wonder that I make mention of it, but it is an especially strong illustration of my opening sentence, that there is a vast gulf between theoretical honesty and genuine, practical honesty.

Of the thousands upon thousands of clerks who use their employers' postage stamps upon their personal correspondence, not one will admit for a moment that he is doing that which even verges upon dishonesty. Theoretically he is not. He believes that it is the rule of the house that all the clerks may make as free with the stamp-drawer as they wish. He thinks it a very small matter, if he thinks of it at all, and as he often helps himself when his employer sees him doing it, and is not chided or reprimanded, he takes it that this is the same as being told that he has permission to use the stamps freely.

But suppose we consider the stamp upon the side of its cash value. If the stamp-drawer were empty, and he were in haste to mail his letter, would he go to the money-drawer and take the cash necessary to buy the stamp? If not, why not?

These are the little things and the first steps that break down the rigid principles which the young man supposed a short time ago were as strong as his life. They were so trivial in their beginnings, and they led downward so gradually that he was scarcely able at any time to accuse himself of any deterioration until he had passed the point whence he might easily have turned back.

The Right Way to Help Clerks

The history of hundreds of cases in actual business life is exactly as I have here described the steps downward, and the wonder is, not that so many young men fall under the temptations surrounding them, but that so many pass through unharmed.

A thoughtful man who has studied boy nature as it actually is, not as it is fancifully portrayed, cannot help but wonder that just at the time when a young man most needs assistance it is oftenest withheld from him.

Every step of a man's life teaches him the great need of the daily prayer:

Lead us not into temptation.

But nowhere is it so urgent in its appeal, and so forceful in results, as in the case of a young man who has to do battle against his own longings and ambitions and weaknesses.

What is there that can be compared with "a word fitly spoken?"

If it is a word of hope to the discouraged, it puts new life into his heart, and new resolutions give him strength to take up the struggle bravely once more.

If it is a word of appreciation to the willing worker, it sweetens his labor and causes him to forget his weariness.

If it is a word of warning to one who is reaching toward that which belongs to another, it may save him from a life of regret and failure, or even worse.

If there is ever a time when a young man needs the right word to be spoken to him it is when he is placed where temptations such as I have described are surrounding him. And no employer is doing his duty to himself or to the one in his employ if by his carelessness he permits the boy to take a step downward.

It is the duty of every one so to hedge the young man in his employ with safeguards that they shall make it easier for him to remain honest than to fall into dishonesty. No clerk should have the opportunity to say to himself, "I am almost sure that I am welcome to take this or that" from the shop or the store. The rules of the house should be so plain that no one need be "almost" sure about any given thing, and they should also be so plain that every man or boy on the place can be absolutely sure about everything.

No one can be certain of himself under any given circumstances until he has been tried. A temptation may prove irresistible just one day in a man's life. The thousands to whom it does not appear upon the fateful day pass through life unharmed; but it meets one who is without his armor, it captures him, and all the world wonders!

The Duty Devolving on Employers

No employer can say which will be the weak hour in his clerk's power of resistance, and his plain duty to God and man, to himself and to his workman, requires that he shall take no chances, but that he shall do everything in his power to help his brother to conquer in the battle that may be the turning point in his life.

If ninety-nine cases in one hundred of dishonesty upon the part of clerks and office men were carefully analyzed, it would be found that overconfidence upon the part of the employers led to the fall of the clerks. And "overconfidence" is but another name for gross carelessness.

A clerk who is permitted to make payments month after month and is not asked to show vouchers for the money given him, is the one who is led to think that if he kept a small part of the cash no one would be the wiser. When an All-wise God shall weigh that act in the balance who shall dare

say where the line will be drawn between the one who fell and the one whose carelessness tempted him to fall?

When an office-man is permitted to receive and pay out cash year after year, no one ever checking his books or his balances, is it surprising that the thought enters his mind that he might easily have some of this money for his own use?

One would think that the common remark, "It is always the trusted clerk who goes astray," would suggest the plain remedy for the evil. The trusted clerk is surrounded by increased temptations because of the confidence reposed in him, and justice demands that his hands shall be strengthened by a wise system of checks, that shall make it easier for him to remain trusty than to become a defaulter.

But all I have said as to the duty of the employer is a matter that concerns him alone; it is not intended thereby to palliate the crime of the workman or clerk who, finding the opportunity to steal, avails himself of it.

The simple, plain duty to be honest is not emphasized anywhere in business as it should be. It is not made a personal matter, not demanded with such rigor that young men can realize its overwhelming importance.

In the education that was given in the "little red schoolhouse" to the older generations of business men, the effort was made, and made successfully, to build up a complete character—both mental and moral. The ability to resist temptations was given fully as much prominence as the power to work out a hard problem in figures.

The education of to-day is almost entirely of the head, and the youth is early put upon his honor, when the foundations upon which honor should lie have been almost ignored.

It requires character to resist temptation. And it is a thousand times easier to avoid the first pitfall than the second. The young man who teaches himself that

"It is a sin
To steal a pin,"

has begun in the right and safe way. He will look upon the taking of a postage stamp, or a little tool, as being a violation of the Eighth Commandment just as surely as if he broke into the safe for cash.

That clerk will make no mistake if he determines scrupulously to respect everything of his employer's, no matter how trifling a thing it is, taking nothing for himself or for his own use unless there is a definite understanding that his employer expects him to do so.

He must take such a course if he will be just to himself.

Two Kinds of Talkers

By Charles Battell Loomis

THEN there's the man who will persist in finishing his sentence even though you see the end from the beginning. Him we may call the realistic talker. Now, if two alert impressionists are communicating with each other by means of their tongues the conversation can run like this:

"So you want to hear about Jack Carson? Ancient history. Met his enemy in Louisville. Latter dead shot and saw Jack first——"

"Exactly. Where'd they bury Jack?"

"Local cemetery. Had big fortune, daughter Mabel, a beaut. She grew up and of course——"

"Of course. Englishman or Italian?"

"Reginald Cecil Plantagenet——"

"I see. When did she apply for divorce?"

"One year, and by that time only half of——"

"Humph! How much at first?"

"Cool million, and now no foreigners——"

"Naturally. Well, some American will——"

"*Has*——"

"Good. When?"

"Last month. Has money of his own, hard worker, and she'll——"

"Be in clover. Well, I'm glad you've told me all this, for I always liked Mabel and wondered what became of her."

Now suppose that our verbose and dogged friend had been telling about Jack and Mabel to our alert young impressionist. He would have begun in a hard, dry, matter-of-fact tone:

"So you want to hear what became of Jack Carson. Sit down here by the window and I'll tell you. Nice club this. Well, Jack quarreled with a Kentuckian of the name of Breckenridge, a man who always shot to kill, and Breckenridge swore he'd shoot Jack at sight. Jack never went armed. One day he was in Louisville and Breckenridge saw him, and before any one could interfere the Kentuckian——"

"I see. Poor Jack!"

"—the Kentuckian aimed full at his heart and shot him, and Jack dropped in his tracks because he'd been hit in the heart."

"Too bad. What became of Mabel? Leave her any money?"

"He left his daughter Mabel his entire fortune. She was a beautiful girl, and when she grew to woman's estate she was considered a great catch and scores of fellows paid court to her, but an Englishman final——"

"I tumble. Took her across the pond and made her pay his debts, I suppose——"

"—an Englishman by the name of Reginald Cecil Plantagenet Tudor Conynghame laid siege to her heart and won the simple-minded child. He took her over to England and induced her to square him with his creditors and——"

"How long did she stand that sort of treatment?"

"—he was cruel besides and treated her shamefully, and in a year she applied——"

"Glad she had the spunk. And of course she got it. He was probably a worthless sort."

"—she applied for a divorce and was lucky enough to get it, although she had spent one half a million or——"

"I understand. What did she do then?"

"—or, to be exact, five hundred thousand dollars, on the miserable fellow. Then she came back to America and registered an oath that she would never——"

"Marry an Englishman. I see."

"—would never enter into the state of matrimony with any member of the British aristocracy. But a young Bostonian of means and ability——"

"Good for him. He won her, did he?"

"—a young Bostonian of means and ability met her at a reception and it was a case of love at first sight, and they were married within a month, and I think that in this case the old adage, 'Marry in——'"

"Not a doubt of it. Those adages don't always work, particularly the old ones. Get out of order from too much use."

"—the old adage, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' will not apply to them, for the Bostonian is eminently worthy of her and I'm sure that they'll be happy. But it's a great pity that she ever met that Plantagenet Conynghame, for if he hadn't got his hands on the fortune——"

"She'd have had twice as much. Right you are. Good-by, old man. I must be going."

And the alert (and also somewhat rude) young man hurries off, but hears floating after him the inexorable tones of his friend:

"—if he hadn't got his hands on that fortune her father left her she would have had twice five hundred thousand dollars, or one million dollars, to bring to the young Bostonian."

Masters of Men By Morgan Robertson

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"Hear it, lad?" he said earnestly to Dick. "Hear the dark beast a-grindin' his knife?"

TWENTY-NINTH CHAPTER

DICK worked in the rigging all that afternoon, and, though within shouting distance of Mr. Jones, he was surprised at the absence of any comment or criticism from the officer, who throughout the whole watch spoke harshly to the others. Perhaps this was because he was doing his work properly—perhaps because Mr. Jones and the carpenter ate together at the second cabin table, and at dinner the latter had told how Dick had ducked the cook. He was strongly confirmed in the latter guess when, from his perch aloft, he saw the officer pause at the galley door, where the cook, half in and half out, declaimed to him with violent gesticulation. Dick could not hear, but when the angry black face, shiny with soap, was turned up to him and a grimy black forefinger pointed at him, he had no doubt that he was the subject of conversation. Mr. Jones merely pushed the cook into the galley and went away.

The storm had passed, and, though the wind was still out of the west, there was no chance for the sea to rise very high so close to land, and the ship, with all sail set, was riding smoothly out to sea. It was famous weather for work. At three bells the watch below was turned out—Ensign Breen going wearily back to his wood-pile—and by supper time the two anchors were stowed inboard, the cables sent below, with fenders, mooring chains, gangway davits and grating, and nearly all the chafing gear was aloft and in place. Through it all, Dick, working at seamanly tasks, looked down on his officer sawing wood. At first he felt an ungenerous pleasure, due to his bitterness of heart; then he wondered at the Ensign's courage in choosing so hard a part, and at his fortitude in playing it, and at last he felt an honest, manly indignation, based upon his training and respect for an officer of the navy. As he came down to his supper at three bells in the first dogwatch, the haggard look in the Ensign's face and his slow, deliberate movements in piling the wood he had sawed moved Dick to an explosive outburst.

"Say the word, sir," he said between his teeth as he halted before him, "and I'll settle them both with a handspike. I can do it—one at a time."

"You cannot," answered Breen wearily. "You might disable one, but the other would shoot you. And if you did succeed—what then? Anarchy among the men. That could be quelled with powder and shot; but the final result—you would hang, and I could not save you. Leave it to me. I am working it out, and they do not hang Government officers."

Dick went to supper. There was some villainous tea, sweetened with molasses, which he drank, and a lump of fat salt pork which neither he nor the rest could touch. The whole watch vented their feelings in profanity, and vowed dire vengeance on the afterguard; but little of it found form or expression except in Smith's avowed determination to "bryke the bloomin' steward's fyce," and they supped as they had dined—on hardtack.

Work was done for the day when they stepped out at four bells. The other watch had cleared up the deck, and near the fore hatch Breen's wood-pile showed white and symmetrical in the gathering gloom of the chilly evening. Dick sat upon it, while his watchmates paced the deck under the lee of the weather rail. In a short time the Ensign came out munching a biscuit. As he seated himself by Dick's side there came a sound from the galley: "Wheesh-wheech, wheesh."

"Hear that, Halpin—Billson, I mean?" he asked wearily. "It's been going all the afternoon. It's for the carpenter, if it isn't for you. What made you douse him with the soup? You've made an enemy."

"And a friend, too, Mr. Breen. Chips liked it, and I'm sure he squared me with the second mate."

"Please drop the 'mister' and the 'sir.' Try to remember. I'm a wood-sawyer, as Chips called me, and assistant to a darky cook. What do you think of my day's work?" Mr. Breen looked proudly—as proudly as an utterly exhausted man may—at his handiwork, and lay down upon it. "To-morrow I must split it," he continued. "Abraham Lincoln was a rail-splitter in his time. Wonder if he ever got as tired as I am?"

"But why is it necessary?" asked Dick. "You are certainly the best man aboard—able to command the ship, but not used to manual labor. Can't we drill it into the skipper's head?"

"Go aft and try if you like; only, don't say I sent you. If I could get into that cabin and find a loaded revolver I think I could convince him, but I see no other way. When

I'm able to move without pain I shall try it. The skipper stands watch now, and the first mate's confined to his room; so, with the steward asleep, the second mate asleep, and the skipper on deck, there might be a chance to sneak in through the forward companion and get his pistols."

"Suppose I try it to-night?"

"Not to-night. It will need two of us, and to-night I could not find energy to pull a trigger. Then, too, you must not take the initiative. You are a sailor, and most maritime law is devised for your punishment. I am an officer and to a large extent exempt. I have the Government behind me."

"What kind of a crowd have you in your watch," asked Dick after a moment's thought.

"No two alike—all different: Dutch, Swede, Dago, Finn, and several unclassified. I'm the only American."

"My side is the same, excepting Sawyer. He's a Jerseyman."

"You're not thinking of organizing a mutiny, are you? That won't do. Think of the sensation and the newspaper accounts. Nineteen murderous scoundrels hanged for mutiny. Let me do it alone. It'll be merely a naval officer taking charge of a ship and sailing her to port. But who is Sawyer? The man who was called up on the poop this morning?"

"Yes. He's a good fellow, and believes as you do. Says it'll make things worse to kick."

"He's a man I'd like to know. You're too successful with your fists, Billson, properly to appreciate finesse, or to conduct a successful mutiny. Go get Sawyer and introduce me. I'm too tired to seek him."

Dick went among the men and returned with Sawyer.

"Excuse my not rising," said the unsubdued Breen. "I'm a little out of form, and the saw wants sharpening."

"An' it's a d—— shame, sir," answered Sawyer, sitting down on the hatch and speaking softly. "If ye could only make the skipper believe ye it'd be all right. He wouldn't dare haze ye—oh, I know an officer, sir (Breen had started up); I put in three years in the service; I could tell by yer walk, and yer voice, and the way ye carried yerself, an' when the skipper twitted ye about makin' a bluff, I knew for sure."

"Well," said Breen coldly, "I hope you have kept your knowledge to yourself."

"No fear, sir; I've kept still, an' mean to; and if I can be of any service to ye aboard this hell-driver ye can call on me."

"Surely," interrupted Dick, "the three of us could take charge——"

"No, no," said the Ensign impatiently. "Sawyer, how about this grub? Shall we get this abominable sort of stuff right along?"

"Until we find out and give up the man that crippled the mate. We're on Government whack."

"The old navy war ration, I suppose; but I've passed upon and condemned naval stores much better than these."

"True enough, sir. But a good many shipowners an' skippers buy up condemned navy stores. They're always used up, somewhere."

"And I suppose we must find out the man who assaulted the first mate before we have a change," said Breen musingly. "What will the skipper do to him?"

"Oh, he'll be ironed, of course, an' perhaps thumped a little; but he's sure to be triced up by the wrists for eight or ten hours until he confesses, or begs off, or weakens somehow."

"Sawyer," and Breen's voice hardened, "do you know anything about the geography of the cabin—how the rooms are laid out?"

"Why, yes; they're all about alike in these ships. The two mates' rooms are each side the forrard passage that the companion opens into. Next aft is the dinin'-room, with staterooms and storerooms along the sides, and next is the after cabin where the old man lives. His sleepin'-room's in one corner, bathroom in the other. The after-companion stairs is between 'em."

"Where does the steward sleep?"

"In one o' the rooms off the dinin'-room."

"And the carpenter and cook?"

"Chips has a little kennel off his shop between the two forecastles. The cook has a room off his galley."

"Then, to get into the after cabin at night when the Captain had the deck, a man would have to enter by the forward door, pass the doors of two officers, either of whom might be awake, and pass the room of the steward, who also might be wakeful?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sawyer, drop the 'sir' before you form the habit. I'm trying to break off Billson, here. Where would the skipper be likely to keep his pistols?"

"In his pockets until the crew get settled down; then in any good, dry place, I s'pose. It's a risky thing you're thinkin' of. He'd be apt to shoot you if he caught you in his cabin at night."

"Unless I shot him first. It all depends on those pistols. Well, we'll see. Who is this?"

A man had come forward on the lee side, and, approaching them, now peered into their faces. He was a small-sized man of quick, nervous movements, but evidently an American.

"What's wrong, Steward?" asked Sawyer.

"I reckon you're the man. I'm looking for the man that talked back this morning. You him?"

"Reckon I'm him."

"Captain Bilker wants to see you in the cabin."

"What for?"

"I don't know."

"All right." Sawyer arose from the hatch. "I may come forrard feet first," he said to Breen, "an' I may go in irons, but—take care o' yerselves, both o' ye."

He took the lee side in going aft, but the steward, who had come this way, and doubtless found it drafty, sought the shelter of the weather rail in returning. He blundered into a group of Dick's watchmates, pacing up and down in the darkness, and then became invisible to the two on the woodpile. But his presence in the crowd was attested by his choked appeals for help, by the stamping and shuffling of feet, the muttered oaths and imprecations, and the thuds and smacks of fists and open hands. At last, just as Dick and Breen understood and resolved to interfere, he shot out of the crowd, followed by a whirling belaying-pin, dashed past them across the fore hatch, and with head lowered and elbows elevated sped aft on the lee side.

"That's because he's a small-sized man," said Dick. "They blame him for the way the cook served the grub. I wonder if they would tackle the cook, or the skipper, or any of the big men."

"Hardly, I think," answered Breen absently. He remained silent a moment, then said: "He didn't appear to be injured; but what would happen if they disabled him? Who would do his work?"

"Cook, I suppose."

"Don't think so—and his own, too; if one could do both they wouldn't carry two. If the steward were put out of commission, Billson, some one would take his place in the cabin. I am the likeliest man."

"Want me to do it?" asked Dick, surmising the drift of Breen's thoughts.

"No, no—by all means—no. Only as a last resort. He seems a harmless man. I was only thinking—and—I want only the run of that cabin for ten minutes."

"How about the cook? He's apt to make some kind of demonstration soon on account of the soup. Suppose I put him out; it'll be a pleasant job."

"And then you'll go in irons. No, I need you intact and free. I wonder if we could get some one else to do it? However, it won't be necessary. The skipper must stand watch until the mate recovers, and when the pain is out of my bones I mean to sneak into his cabin. I'm in his watch, you see, and it'll be easy on a dark night along toward morning when he is busy on deck and the others are sound asleep."

Sawyer came around the corner of the house and joined them.

"Going aft, third mate," he said. "The skipper don't want to stand watch. But I wouldn't tell him who the man was."

"Do you know?" asked Breen.

"Yes; skipper explained how he broke the mate's arm. Mate turned out and clinched him in the darkness, but the man broke away; then the mate struck out at his face, and the man ducked and caught his wrist in both hands, then, quicker'n lightnin', he turned and brought the arm, elbow down, over his own shoulder, an' hove down on it. It's a trick known to trained fighters, an' it's also known in the navy. The man was no thief; he only wanted the mate's pistol, not knowin' that he went to bed with it."

THIRTIETH CHAPTER

SAWYER turned and entered the forecastle, while Dick furtively glanced at the slim, graceful figure of his officer. As events crowded one upon another, he was being forced to a revision of opinion regarding his smooth-voiced and gentlemanly superior—this courageous and resourceful man of action. He was beginning to admire him, almost to like him.

"It was a foul trick," said the Ensign at last; "but what could I do? He was a large, heavy man. I had suffered brutal treatment on deck, and feared for my life. We were taught that trick *sub rosa* at Annapolis as a resource in street riots when firing was forbidden."

"You did right," answered Dick vehemently. "I've practiced it, but have never been forced to use it. I will, though, if necessary; and then, too, if you'd got the gun you'd have shot him and the other two before the thing was over. There's no fair play needed aboard this ship. It isn't understood."

"I wonder what use Sawyer will make of his knowledge, now that he is aft."

As though to answer this, Sawyer came out, dumped his clothes-bag on the hatch and joined them.

"Don't fear that I'll give you away," he said. "I've sworn I don't know anythin' about it, an' that'll stand. An' I want to say that I think ye took the best plan in playin' flunkey. If ye'd acted yer natural self, an' shown yer knowledge o' ships an' sailorizin', ye might ha' convinced the skipper—when it'd be too late; for, havin' hazed ye an' kicked ye around, and knowin' that as an officer o' the navy ye could make him sweat for it, he'd think the safest plan for him'd be to kill ye with work, somehow, or shoot ye as a mutineer and put ye in the log under the name ye've got on the articles, or have ye knocked overboard some dark, squally night."

"That's the way I reasoned," said Breen.

"Yes, an' ye reasoned right. It's well understood that a gentleman, shanghaied in a Yankee ship, seldom finishes the passage; but as a harmless servant man ye'd have a chance out o' yer pure innocence. For of course ye could pass yerself off as a husky, tough sailor, an' save yerself by knowin' yer work. It's best as it is. Now, ye'll be in my watch, an' as far as I can—for I don't know what's ahead of me—I'll make it easy for ye; but understand, after I've gone aft wi' that bag, I'm an officer and can't talk with ye, an' I've got to forget all I've said an' listened to, an' if I caught ye in the cabin I'd have to put ye out. Just the same—good luck to ye."

He shouldered his bag and started aft, but turned and rejoined them.

"And of course ye'll understand," he said to Breen, "that my believin' in yer bein' a navy officer won't help ye any more now than if I stayed forrard. I might convince the skipper 'fore long. So can you 'fore long; but it'll be the worst thing that could happen after what has happened. Understand? You'll die—somehow; and yer death'll go into the skipper's official log as accidental, and one o' the mates'll witness the entry. That's evidence in court. I can swear only to my belief, after yer dead, and that won't help ye. But," he added significantly, "I'll have the lower bunk in Mr. Jones' room."

Then he was gone.

"There will be somebody each side of that passage continually," said Breen. "The thing is boiling down."

From the darkness in the weather alley came the tall figure of the carpenter. He halted, listened a moment, then spying Dick and Breen at the wood-pile, came down to them, uttering a warning, "Sh-h-h-h." Over the sound of the wind and sea could be heard the nervous scraping of a knife on a steel.

"Hear it, lad?" he said earnestly to Dick. "Hear the dark beast a-grindin' his knife? Is it for me, or you? Ye soaked him weel wi' the soup, an' I'm thinkin' he's a mon to be watchful of. Losh, but it fair maks me nairvous—to hear that sound."

"It's for you," said Breen guilefully. "It's for you. I know it is. He told me he would kill you. Oh, he isn't afraid of you!"

"Get ye oot o' this, ye time-sairvin' flunkey," said Chips, angrily raising his open hand; and Breen moved quickly—with a billet of wood in his grasp.

"He says," persisted Breen from a safe distance, "that he won't allow you or any one else to lay hands on me again. He says you're nothing but a whitewashed Irishman——"

"Hush, ye bag o' bad teedings," roared the exasperated Chips. "An Irishman, am I? Me, a MacPherson o' the hill clans! Oot o' my sight, or I'll——"

He advanced toward the retreating Ensign, but Dick, grinning in the darkness, placed himself in the way.

"Never mind that," he said. "The question is: what about the cook? He's sharpening that knife for one of us—perhaps both. What do you think we ought to do?"

"I canna tell," was the mournful reply. "It's a mortal sin to hurt a ship's cook. He's a sacred pairson. Did ye no hear the second mate call me doon the day? But I can try the effect o' moral suasion. I'll e'en put an eedge on the broadax."

He left them, and soon from the carpenter shop came to their ears the rhythmical thumping of a grindstone footboard and the steady grating of cold steel pressed against its wet surface. It drowned the "wheesh-wheech" from the galley.

THIRTY-FIRST CHAPTER

WHEN the port watch turned out at midnight they found but a gentle whisper telling of the gale of the preceding night, and a cold, full moon overhanging the southern horizon. By a prearranged schedule among the men it was Dick's trick at the wheel from twelve until two; and, when the other watch had been dismissed, he went aft with a few misgivings, but thankful that wind and sea were easy. He had learned as much about steering as a man-of-war's-man may—which, beyond the technique, is very little—but had not acquired the nice "sense of pressure" which enables a trained merchant sailor to steer almost by feeling alone. After repeating the course given by his predecessor, and grinding the wheel over and back a few times with unnecessary vigor, he gradually brought the ship under command; and as his nerves were now in good order, and his judgment of the best, he steered a course which called forth no objurgations from Mr. Jones, though he frequently peered into the binnacle, and as often turned to look Dick squarely in the face. Then he would resume his pacing back and forth on the quarterdeck forward of the after house. Twice before two bells had struck he stepped into the companion out of sight, and when next he appeared at the binnacle Dick smelled liquor on his breath. This time he spoke, thickly but good-humoredly.

"What's up 'tween you and the cook?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir; I lost my head and doused him before I thought."

"What'd he do?"

"Only made faces, sir; but he looked like murder, and I let go."

"Ye doused him well—'cordin' to what Chips says," chuckled Pig. "But look out for him; he's a bad proposition; knifed two last voyage."

"Then you've been shipmates before, sir?" said Dick, hardly knowing what attitude to assume.

"For three years—in fact, all my goin' to sea. I ain't been long at it," said Pig proudly. "I licked a grown man first voyage, and I took the fight out o' that nigger second voyage, an' he's afraid to look sideways at me now; and I licked the second mate last passage home. That's how I step into his place. That's what a skipper wants in an officer. Learn all ye like to—be the best seaman on earth, and 'less ye can thump men, and win out every time, yer no good aft."

"So I should think, sir," answered Dick humbly; "but I don't think I'd do. I can work, but I can't fight. Never could, sir."

"Well, ye want to brace up and learn to box, and—another thing, stick to yer skipper, and get navigation. I'm half way into it now. No good pullin' ropes all yer life. What part o' the States ye come from?"

"New York State, sir—Port Jervis," said Dick, remembering his geography.

"I'm a York State boy myself," said Pig; "from Allville. Say, you do look mighty like a jigger I went to school with—Redhead Halpin; but your hair ain't red. He shipped in the navy and never was heard from up to when I lit out."

"Think he's dead, sir?" Dick was humanly anxious to hear of himself

"Hope so. He was a mean sucker for the size of him Give away a whole raft o' fellers and got 'em into trouble with the police. I wasn't in it, but I was one o' the gang that done him up for it. Then he got fired out o' school for stealin', and skipped the town."

"Oh, a thief, sir, too," said Dick.

"Well, no, to give the devil his due, he wasn't—at least he didn't take the boodle in this case, but it looked that way It came out months after he skipped, little by little; he was tryin' to shield the real thief, who was a pet brother o' the gal he was stuck on—see? And he got into his boots in the mix. The gal got dead on to it somehow—nobody ever knew what happened—and made her brother own up. Then his dad took 'em both out o' school——"

"Did Mabel do that?" burst in Dick

"Say 'sir' when ye talk to me. Mabel, is it? Who said anythin' 'bout Mabel? Hey? That's the gal's name right enough, but I'd never ha' 'membered it without hearin' it Mabel, hey? I'm dead on to you, Dick Halpin, and I'll make you crawl 'fore I'm done wi' ye. What game ye up to, anyhow? Hey?"

"No game, sir," answered the flustered Dick "I'm only listening to what you say about other people I don't know them. How could I?"

"How could ye? D'ye mean to say yer not Red Halpin? How'd *ye* know that gal's name?"

"You spoke the name, sir," said Dick, gathering his wits, "and, not knowing her other name, or anything about her, I repeated it. I was interested. Most girls wouldn't have done that."

"I b'lieve yer lyin'. How could I speak her name when I'd forgotten it? Hey?"

"You must have remembered subconsciously, sir. I've read about such things. Sometimes we can't remember things when we try, but they come to us, and then we forget again. You've noticed that, sir. I'm not your man, Mr Jones. My name is Billson, and I never heard of these people before."

"Well, it's mighty queer, that's what I say; and if I find out yer lyin' to me, I'll make it so hot for ye that ye'll be glad to git overboard to cool off."

He moved down toward the lee rail and met the Captain stepping out of the after-companion

"Now, look here, Mr. Jones," said the latter sternly, "I want you to understand one thing 'fore you're a minute older I've listened to this powwow, and let it go on, wonderin' when you'd stop. If you don't know any more than to talk to the man at the wheel, you'd better go 'fore the mast again till you do know somethin'. You hear me? Don't let me speak to you again on this subject."

"All right, sir," answered the officer sulkily, and the Captain stepped up to windward and looked aloft. Then he looked at the compass. Dick had the ship straight on her course, though if the Captain had looked five seconds earlier or five seconds later he would have seen her off a full point. Tranquillity of mind is of first importance in good helmsmanship

"I think, Mr. Jones," said the Captain dryly as he passed Pig on his way to the companion, "that your yards will stand a little attention." Then he stepped down, and Pig faced Dick

"I get this on your account, d - ye," he growled. "All right Watch out."

Then he went forward, bawling, "Weather main brace," and Dick tried to adjust himself to the new conditions; but during the rest of his trick and the remaining two hours of the watch, which he spent in solitude under the topgallant forecastle, he had not succeeded

THIRTY-SECOND CHAPTER

AT EIGHT bells Dick mustered aft to be counted with the rest—as is customary at the change of night-watches and when his watchmates had turned in he again sought his hiding place; for he could sleep even though the others had ceased to discuss a project propounded while he was at the wheel. He had felt no interest when informed of it, for he could think of nothing but his changed position

Pig's statement gave a new coloring to each action of Mabel Arthur and to each of his own. She knew, and had known from nearly the beginning, that he was innocent

Her attitude had held nothing of pity or contempt, and her strange friendliness and interest in him, which he had believed arose from these two emotions, would now admit of a worthier animus. Dimly to his mind came the Ensign's face and manner aboard the Vermont when he had told of her intercession in his behalf, and he started out on deck to call him from the group at the port forecastle door, and ask a repetition and verification; but there came to him the memory of Bessie's letter and the mention of a diamond ring He must not cross-question a man about his fiancée; so he decided to say and do nothing at all. Breen may have heard of his early disgrace; but it was certainly of small importance to him, and an explanation might involve branding the Ensign's future brother-in-law as a thief. He realized that this point of view was at variance with his usual habit of mind, and felt the better for it. He was uplifted, and his love for Mabel, and his reserve store of self-respect, held down through the years by the belief in his bad reputation, now arose and dominated his hatred of her brother and his jealousy of Breen

"Perhaps," he mused, "this is the way a fellow must feel about such things to be a gentleman—worthy of her, for instance. Perhaps, if I practiced feeling this way I might stop seeing red when things go wrong."

In the latter speculation he was confirmed by Breen, whom he sought to tell about Pig's increased suspicion and promise of a hot atmosphere. Breen, sleepy, cross, and sore in his joints, unsympathetically ordered him to play his part—to submit meekly to abuse, verbal and physical, in order that he could be at hand when wanted instead of down below in irons

"It'll do you good," he concluded, "to be thumped around a little when you can't thump back. It'll develop your self-control—and, by the way, I suppose you know that both watches are going aft at breakfast time to protest against the menu. Keep in the background, and let the others talk They're all brave enough for talking."

Dick turned in, and, being young, lost only an hour in getting to sleep. He awakened at seven bells with the rest, and, as agreed upon among them, ate no breakfast, the object being to preserve it intact for the official exhibition at eight bells, when the other watch could join them. There was much talking about past experiences of the kind in which victory had come to the narrators; but, when eight bells had struck, they emptied their pipes and arose to their feet with more or less of anxiety showing in each face. Smith, true to his word, bore the pan of "cracker hash" with a clean spoon resting on top, and Wagner carried the coffee pot and a tin pannikin. They trooped out, waited at the main hatch until the other watch had obtained their breakfast from the starboard galley door, then marched aft in a body, and Smith, the spokesman, told Sawyer at the break of the poop that

Hold on, sir! don't point that thing my way!"

they would like to see the Captain. Sawyer nodded warningly, and entered the forward companion. When he came out he carried a double-barreled shotgun, and following him were Captain Bilker and Mr. Jones, each with a similar burden, and a tall, mild eyed, handsome man with side-whiskers, who carried his right arm in a sling, and whom Dick had no trouble in identifying as Mr. Thorpe, the first mate. This man held a marlinespike in his left hand. As they ranged up at the monkey-rail and looked down on the men, the carpenter stole past them and mounted the poop steps with his broadax on his shoulder, the cook followed with his carving knife and took a position at the opposite end of the line from the carpenter, and the steward emerged from the after-companion with a repeating rifle. Precautionary discipline was perfect At the first sign of protest seven armed men were prepared to listen, and the cook and carpenter glared down on the sea slaves with no irrelevant side glances at each other

"Well, men," said Captain Bilker, as with easy carelessness he rested his gun on the monkey-rail with its two muzzles looking down on them, "what d'ye want?"

"Just this, sir," said Smith, stepping out of the group with his pan of hash. "We hain't lookin' for trouble, an we don't want to say nothin' that'll bring hon hany shootin', sir; but we just want to hask you, sir, if this is the right kind o' chuck to feed men on, sir. We hain't got nothin' to say 'bout hit's bein' Government whack 'cause that's hall we sign for; but we don't sign for maggots, sir—they're not in the scale o' provisions, sir

"No," remarked the Captain dryly, "they're not. Mr Thorpe," he said, turning to the first mate, "there's the crew D'ye recognize ver man?"

"I do," answered the officer, a peculiar shine, or sparkle, in his blue eyes: "that swab sneakin' behind the others back there." He raised the marlinespike unsteadily in his left hand, and the men below separated and fell back. Then the marlinespike whirled among them and Dick Halpin fell.

"By Heaven, sir," roared Sawyer, "if this ain't pure murder I never heard of it. That man wasn't turned to till four o'clock that morning. He was doped, an' in his bunk, till Mr. Jones pulled him out."

"Shut up," thundered the Captain. "Hush, or I'll put ye 'fore the mast again. Sure o' yer man, Mr. Thorpe?"

"Sure of him, sir?" said the mate with a grin; "of course I am. Look at the size of him. Is there any one else in that pack able to break my arm? And I know his face and shape. I could see him well enough."

"You're wrong," vociferated Sawyer angrily; "you're dead wrong, Mr. Thorpe. That man was stupid in his bunk all through that watch. Mr. Jones'll bear me out. He turned him to at eight bells, too dopy to know his name Hold on, sir; don't point that thing my way!" Mr. Thorpe had drawn and was nervously raising a pistol as he looked at Sawyer, but the enraged third mate leveled the shotgun, and the pistol came down. Still holding the gun horizontal, Sawyer backed toward the rail and spoke to the second mate, while down on deck Breen helped Dick to his feet

"Isn't that so, Mr. Jones?"

It may have been the menace of the shotgun, or it may have been Pig's surprise and shock at the sudden felling of a man before his eyes. He answered truthfully:

"Yes, he couldn't be waked up till eight bells. I tried twice, and I know that. It was some one else, Mr. Thorpe."

"Enough o' this," said the Captain impatiently. "Take that man forrard. Mr. Sawyer, lower that gun, and remember where you are. I make all 'lowances for mistakes o' judgment, but—put that gun down. Ye're on my poop-deck"

"All right, sir, but I couldn't keep quiet under this."

"Now, men," said the Captain to those below him, "take that feller forrard, and take yer grub with you. I don't want to see it or smell it. Ye'll get no different till ye give up the man that crippled my first mate

'Ow can we do that, sir?' replied Smith. "He won't give 'iself hup, knowin' he's likely to be killed. An' there's no hother way to find hout. Hand we can't eat this stuff, sir"

"That'll do! Go forrard"

"Hall right, sir, we'll go; but can we hask you, sir, hif you'll make the cook stake out the magg's before he cooks up the 'ash'"

It was a reasonable and a respectful request, and possibly Captain Bilker was impressed by it. He hesitated a moment, then turned to the steward

"From this on," he said, "serve the men from the new stores; serve 'em the allowance, and not an ounce more. Now, men," he added, facing them again, "I'm givin' you new grub for a while—one month, we'll say; and if you don't produce that murderin' thief by then, back you go to what ye've been gettin'; but if you do, it's full and plenty."

Thank ye, sir; we'll do what we can."

They went forward, assisting Dick. He was weak in the legs, somewhat dazed from shock and headache, and his face was streaked with blood from a furrow in his scalp where the point of the spike had plowed

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1901

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of 320,000 copies weekly.

FOR two countries that try to get closer together the United States and Great Britain are having a great time of it. They experience more toil, more negotiation, more delay and more trouble over their treaties than any two nations on earth. And then when the treaties are completed everybody gets mad and each Government refuses to sign. But they are stubborn people and so they keep on until their efforts do reach a finality. Great is persistence!

TO THE man in the crosstrees it looks as if those on the quarterdeck had invented a new game which, not inappropriately, might be called playing On the Spanish Main. It consists in blindfolding one's self and walking gayly along a narrow plank, and off into the cold, deep Atlantic. Every one who has tried it has been hauled back on board looking drenched and bedraggled, but that has not seemed to deter the next man. This time it is Admiral Sampson, and a piratical press and public are still laughing rather heartlessly over his voluntary step into space. Apropos of this, it is interesting to note that the man who does not talk never tells on himself.

THE people of the country, irrespective of their politics, are sorry to see Senator Carter retired. His valedictory, though it was a little too long to suit his fellow-Senators, was just about the right length for the taxpayer. It defeated the River and Harbor bill and saved the country $50,000,000.

Facetiously known as the Pork bill, the measure was kept for the final tidbit of a billion dollar banquet. Every Senator, every Congressman knew of the shameful misappropriations which it carried, but because their pet puddles were cared for a majority of them were complaisant. It is pleasant to feel that through the courage of Carter there will be nothing but brine—to follow out the delicately humorous Senatorial simile—in that particular barrel for some time to come.

War as an Investment

THE announcement that the Boer War will cost England six hundred million dollars, even if it be ended within the next four months, may not be considered at first sight part of the constructive work of the world, but it may have a deeper meaning than one would think. It may mean, for instance, the materialization of that elusive mirage, the end of war.

This is a business age. Never before have national policies been so dependent upon the answer to the question, Will it pay? And seldom, if ever before, has there been such a decisive demonstration of the fact that war does not pay. The war in South Africa has been to statesmen what a "beautiful ulcer" is to the surgeon. It presents a social disease brought to a head and available for study in its most concentrated form. If we consider the wealth of the two South African republics before the war to have been equivalent to a thousand dollars for each one of the population, which is about a normal rate, both countries would have been worth something like two hundred and fifty million dollars. They are worth a good deal less now. Of course, the mines of the Rand have a special value, but when we consider them from the point of view of clear national profit, above the cost of extracting the gold and of working unproductive properties, their value certainly has limits. If anybody had proposed two years ago to sell the two republics outright to England, with all their property, public and private, for three hundred million dollars, the English would have thought that they were getting a poor bargain. And yet now they are spending six hundred million dollars, as well as a good many thousand lives and a good many billion dollars' worth of national prestige, for the mere remnants of the property that they would once have thought dear at half the mere cash outlay.

But this was a case, if there ever could be one, in which war might have been expected to show its best side as a business proposition. Here was an empire of four hundred million people pitted against less than the population of Milwaukee. If war has proved an extravagantly losing business in such a case as that, what would it be if England had undertaken to get some advantage by similar methods over Russia? Is there any conceivable benefit, of a business nature, which would be worth one-tenth of the cost of such an enterprise?

We are often told that the twentieth century will be an era of commercial wars. It hardly seems likely, unless nations take to choosing their rulers from their asylums. Commerce is business, and what business sense is there in spending thousands of millions down for a possibility of obtaining scores or hundreds of millions in the distant future? Suppose a nation to be considering the possibility of war with another nation over some commercial question. It can certainly count on an expenditure of at least three billion dollars, and probably more. If it should take that money and apply it to the development of its own domestic resources, would it not gain more than it could possibly hope to gain by fighting for external commercial advantages? Of course, in the days when nations went to war for the ambitions of kings, or the sentiment of mobs, sordid considerations of profit and loss did not count. But we have entered an era now so businesslike that even an emperor does not think it beneath him to canvass Europe drumming up trade. Under such conditions, how long will the civilized nations of the world continue to spend ten dollars for the bare possibility of getting back one?

Spain may yet become American. It had a blizzard the other day and the trust issue has been raised

The Age of the Millon-Dollar Salary

IN THE midst of its daily feast of wars and devastations the world has had a pleasant little shock of surprise in hearing that Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the head of the new United States Steel Corporation, is to draw a salary of a million dollars a year, or, in round numbers, twenty thousand dollars a week. Some time ago it was asserted that Mr. Rockefeller had expressed a willingness to pay that amount to anybody capable of taking the cares of his business off his hands.

Mr. Perkins, who is the new partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., is said to have had a guarantee that the income of his new position shall not be less than a quarter of a million a year. Of course, it may be a good deal more. Mr. Schwab and Mr. Perkins are both young men in their thirties.

Evidently we are reaching a period in which the world will accustom itself to an entirely new scale of salaries. We may yet have a labor union of trust presidents fixing a minimum wage scale of a million dollars a year, enforced by threats of a strike. The time when an increase in the salary of the President of the United States from $25,000 to $50,000 a year shocked the economical sense of the country seems an age of remote antiquity.

The possibility that used to be held before the dazzled eyes of every American boy was that of growing up to be President of the United States. The new possibility is that of drawing a million-dollar salary. Such a salary is the prize that ability wrests from wealth. The men who draw this pay are not those who inherited millions, but who were born with the power to work and to direct the work of others. Mr. Schwab has been described as a "human thunderbolt." If his employers pay him a million dollars a year, it is because they know that they can get several times a million out of him. He may have men in his office drawing less in a year than he does in a day who are his superiors in general intelligence, who could write better novels than he could, draw better pictures, express a more skilled appreciation of plays, frame better national policies, and pass for men of abler minds. Not only could the Steel Trust not afford to pay one of those men a million dollars a year for managing its affairs—it could not afford to let him manage its affairs if he paid for the privilege. Just that peculiar combination of qualities which Mr. Schwab possesses is needed to keep such an enterprise from wreck and [illegible] to its assets. The men who drive the [illegible] the Cæsars and Napoleons of future history, and they will win the rewards that have gone to military rulers in the past.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

If preachers should preach what they practice the churches might be more crowded

The Opening Up of the South

WE ARE to see in the near future a great change in the distribution of immigrants in this country. For a quarter of a century the tides have been flowing to the West and the Northwest, but great numbers are henceforth sure to go to the South. This rich part of our country—rich in the way of minerals and soil—has attracted far more people from other sections than it has settlers from Europe. Several facts explain the reason. In the first place, the trans-continental railroads have had their agents busily at work in Europe, and have operated in connection with the steamship companies. The immigrant in buying his ticket in Europe generally bought it to some Western or Northwestern point. Another thing was the large number of lynchings in the South, which, being reported in European newspapers, gave the impression that in the Southern States life was not secure and property was not protected.

These influences are passing away. The South itself has for some time been taking steps to show how false the general inference is. As a matter of fact people live as securely in the Southern States as in any other section of the world. The few cases of lynching are horrible, but they do not portray the actual conditions of the different States of the South.

The industrial branches have done a superb service in showing the opportunities open in the South, especially in the way of manufacturing, and they are still adding to their usefulness in this direction. But best of all, probably, in the way of the new influences, is the coming of practical business men from Northern and Western sections. Go to a Southern city to-day and you will find these men not only making money rapidly but taking active part in the social and political life. Then, too, the large profits which the cotton mills and other factories are making will attract in greater measure those who have money to invest and those who wish to utilize the opportunities.

It is in its way a fine thing that the Southerners are to hold a West Indian Exposition at Charleston, South Carolina. There is no purpose, so far as the managers have expressed themselves, to do anything but to encourage the commerce of the West India Islands to trade with the Southern States. But when the exhibits are shown we predict that there will be a curious result.

The South will show that it can produce practically everything that the West Indians are raising, and that it can show manufacturing products equal to the best of the North.

The exposition at Atlanta years ago was a success in demonstrating to the country the beginnings of the new life of the new South. Bad management made the New Orleans Exposition a failure, but the other expositions that followed it had their meed of prosperity, and it is quite likely that Charleston will reap the rewards of its enterprise.

The figures of the growth of the South since the Civil War seem more miracle than fact. In many States values have increased tenfold; in some particular spots a hundred and a thousand fold. There was a time, but many years ago, when the South received a setback second only in its disastrous effects to the Civil War, and that was through the outbreak of speculation and the almost universal exploitation of land booms. But all that has gone. The people have recovered and have settled down to the normal, and now the growth is legitimate development, and thus all who, wanting to change their abode, have gone there are finding out that it is a goodly place, inhabited by goodly people.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

The American stomach is fearfully and wonderfully filled

Our Debt to Error

IN LAUDING truth we sometimes forget to give just due to error. We commiserate men who follow what we believe to be erroneous ideals. We look back with pity upon those who gave their time to such pursuit, saying their lives were wasted in folly. But in reality we owe a great debt to error and the men who have worshiped at error's shrine.

The astrologers were never conspicuously successful in reading future events in the stars, but their researches gave us our early accurate knowledge of astronomy. The elixir of life was non-existent, but the search for it laid the foundation of modern chemistry. De Leon's search for the fountain of youth gave not eternal life to mankind, but did give Florida to his King. De Soto followed a will-o'-the-wisp, wandering in search of El Dorado, but he discovered the Mississippi. Not the purpose of building up an agricultural community but the mining of imaginary gold brought ships to Virginia, yet those ships gave England her first and richest American colony.

Men within the last generation have brought forth systems of medicine heralded as cures for every ill; they have failed of their ideal but modified for the better the old systems. Likewise in moral matters, men who sought to bring public morals up to personal ideals have followed an impossible end, yet they have done good by procuring limited legislation and by calling general attention to needed reforms.

So in a dozen other ways has the chase after the impossible been a fruitful chase. It seems to be a characteristic of human nature that it will not exert itself for the homely, the commonplace, the attainable. It needs the unattainable to spur it on. Men at first were not willing to study stars for astronomy's sake, nor drugs for chemistry's sake, nor a wilderness for the sake of geography. But ideals such as a reading of the future, the attainment of eternal life, the finding of a golden city, or a water route to the Western ocean, stirred them on to attain that which lay within the bounds of possibility. All hail to Truth and those who follow her, but Truth compels us to admit our debt to Error and his misguided followers.

—LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

Men & Women of the Hour

Mr Samuel W Allerton

Miss Maud Fealy

Eighty Miles of Free Fruit

Mr. Samuel W. Allerton, the Chicago millionaire, enjoys the reputation of owning a larger number of farms than any other man in this country. His agricultural holdings comprise thousands of acres of the richest soil in the prairie States. Although his farming is preeminently of the practical kind which yields substantial profits, in one particular he allows sentiment to govern him. Along the roads which skirt and traverse his farms are belts of cherry and apple orchards. If these trees were planted in single file, as close together as good results in bearing would permit, the line would reach eighty miles in length. The incident which accounts for the large number of these trees and the fact that they are set close to the public highway is of peculiar interest

When Mr. Allerton was a boy of twelve years his chief source of income was from driving herds of sheep and droves of calves to the Poughkeepsie market, a distance of thirty miles. The trip to the city was made in two days and he was generally able to get a ride home with some farmer from his neighborhood who had been to market with produce. The bright spots in the pilgrimage, from the viewpoint of the dusty, barefooted drover-boy who trudged behind his flock, were the orchards which were sufficiently near the road for possibilities of free forage, and none of the roadside fruitage was half so tempting to the tired, dust-choked boy as the luscious cherries which dangled from loaded boughs on the farm of an old Quaker, whose place was reached in the heat of the second afternoon of the journey When convinced that the owner was not near the boy would make a swift raid upon the trees and then eat the fruit at leisure as he trudged along. And he frequently smiled with satisfaction at the thought that he had not once been seen by the owner

When returning one day, in the wagon of a farmer, the boy saw the Quaker standing beside his trees. "Don't you suppose he would let us have a few cherries if you were to ask him?" said the boy.

"Of course he would," answered the farmer, who stopped the wagon and laughingly repeated the boy's request to the venerable Friend. The latter looked benevolently serious, placed his hand on the lad's head, and inquired calmly:

"Isn't thee the boy that breaks the limbs from my trees?"

There was no way of honorable escape and Allerton tremblingly admitted the charge

"Don't thee steal any more," continued the kindly old Quaker, "but just pick thy fill as if thee owned them Now go and fill thy hat, but do not break the branches."

After telling this story recently to a friend, Mr. Allerton said: "I made up my mind then that when I grew to manhood I would do something to show that I appreciated the lesson that the good old Quaker taught me, and the kindness with which it was done. I've planted fully eighty miles of trees in his memory. If he had thrashed me, as I expected him to do when I confessed, there would not have been one of these memorial trees. And the men on my farms understand that any boy is welcome to eat his fill of the fruit That's what the trees are there for."

A Prophet Not Without Honor

At the recent meeting in Philadelphia of the American Philological Association, the eminent and venerable Dr Francis A. March, of Lafayette College, was a conspicuous guest.

Doctor March was the president of this Association for two terms, as he ranks among the greatest living Anglo-Saxon scholars. His strong efforts for phonetic spelling are well known, and his movement toward this end is one of the noticeable educational movements of the day. His word is the final court of appeal for the younger and lesser philologists. He is one of the handful of Americans who have been given the two great degrees of Oxford and Cambridge

While Doctor March was in Philadelphia, a member of the Association told a story about him. He said that there was a very ambitious young man who went to Germany from Pennsylvania to study Anglo-Saxon. The eminent professor of the German university made a list of books for the student to begin study with. The author's name opposite the books was "F. A. March."

The young student looked at the list amazed "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that here in Germany you teach Anglo-Saxon from books written by an American?"

"Certainly," said the professor, "for there are no better text books on that subject than those written by Doctor March, of Lafayette College."

"Doctor March!" echoed the student "Why he lives at Easton, only a few hours' ride from my home

"Then go home, young man," said the professor, "and see Doctor March himself. When he has taught you all he knows about Anglo Saxon you will not have to come back here."

Maud Fealy, the Youngest Juliet

A young actress, in regard to whose future career there has been much interesting speculation on account of her success while very young, is Miss Maud Fealy, who is known as "the youngest leading woman on the American stage."

She is only seventeen years old, but already she has attracted attention as Eunice, the slave girl, in Quo Vadis, and during the season just ending she has taken the part of the heroine in Sherlock Holmes

Miss Fealy was practically discovered by the late Augustin Daly, who built high hopes on her, and formed ambitious plans for her career

She has already won fame as "the youngest Juliet, and is of a charming and delightful personality.

A Conservative Estimate of Cantor

Mr. Jacob A. Cantor, of New York City, former State Senator, was at one time chief spokesman for the Striped Tiger. At Albany, Mr. Cantor was the leader of the Democratic side in the State Senate and the sponsor of all Tammany Hall legislation. Mr. Croker and Mr. Cantor drifted apart, because, as the story runs, the Senator declined to "stand for" certain practices. He became, after his retirement from active participation in the Wigwam's affairs, a member of the Governor Roswell P. Flower coterie.

The former Senator's reputation for probity in a community where many politicians are notoriously not nice in money matters lends point to an occurrence of which Mr Cantor was the hero. It was in the days when he was most active in Tammany Hall. He had just been renominated for State Senator by a Tammany Hall district convention Judge Welde one of the few Germans who are leaders in Tammany Hall, presided After the nomination there was an adjournment for ten minutes, in order that the distinguished candidate might be presented When proceedings were resumed, Mr. Cantor was discovered on the platform, pleased and smiling, as became a successful candidate. Opposite him stood Judge Welde, also beaming with good nature and satisfaction. There was, of course, tremendous applause. When silence was restored, the Judge arose to present the candidate to his constituents. "I have great pleasure, gentlemen," declared the chairman, with a wholesome German accent, "in presenting to you our friend and distinguished fellow-citizen. He is that noblest work of God—an honest man."

There was wild applause at this. The Judge, beaming benignly on his audience, waited for this applause to die down, and then he added with true German conservatism

At least, so far as I know

At this there was pandemonium! Shrieks of wild laughter came from all over the hall. The honest Judge looked amazed, evidently not seeing the point. Senator Cantor turned all the colors of the rainbow, but as he has a keen sense of humor, he accepted the situation, and joined with the rest in the hearty laughter. It was some time before the Judge could be made to see where the joke came in; but the phrase, "He is an honest man—at least, so far as I know," became a classic in Harlem political circles

Mr. Cockran and the Sable Tails

Mr. W. Bourke Cockran, the well known politician of New York, is so successful to-day that he can afford to talk delightfully of the days when he had not a penny Mr Cockran, who was born in Ireland in 1854, is widely famous as an orator, has been prominent in two National Conventions was for two terms a member of Congress, and is now a lawyer in New York City

He told a good story of himself recently to a society young woman who was starting out on a business career as buyer for a department store.

"Do you know what sable tails are?" he asked "Be sure that you do," he added, "or you may lose your position My ignorance on that subject lost me my first position"

"Sable tails!" echoed the young woman. "What have they got to do with business?"

"Well, if I had known what they were I might to-day be a prosperous merchant. I landed in America resolved to be a great man. I went from shop to shop like many other Irish lads, seeking for an errand or a salary that would buy food so that I might have strength to start in on my great career. Finally, I stood before Mr. A. T. Stewart, his office being the Mecca to which all lads journeyed in those days

"He was kind enough to say I looked intelligent, and that he hoped I shouldn't prove a fool. 'In what line of dry goods are you proficient?' he said. I had sense enough to know that if I told him the truth I should not get a position My mind flashed over the things women wore. Then an inspiration came. I said, 'Furs,' for I remembered that the old man who lived next door to my mother in Ireland had made a business of drying pelts. I had spent my boyhood playing with those pelts.

'Good,' said Mr Stewart. 'I have a position in the fur department that I should like a reliable young man to take.'

I thanked him, and went upstairs to take the position with a feeling of hopelessness that I had never suspected would attend my first victory

"I attacked the position with the conceit, however, that men are kind enough to say has never left me. A few days after my installation a sweet-voiced woman came in, and asked me to show her some muffs made of sable tails I ransacked the place, but couldn't find one that answered the description, so I informed the lady that we did not keep such muffs in stock

"She looked surprised and questioned me more closely, but I stuck to my assertion

"An hour later I was summoned by Mr. Stewart He said, with indignation: 'Why did you tell Mrs. Vanderbilt that this shop does not keep muffs of sable tails?'

"'Was that Mrs. Vanderbilt?' I asked in awe 'Well, sir, I looked hard for one, but really there was not one there. I saw plenty of flat brown ones, but not a single one with tails hanging from it'

"'Your looks belie you, said Mr. Stewart 'you are a fool, and you are discharged from this hour'

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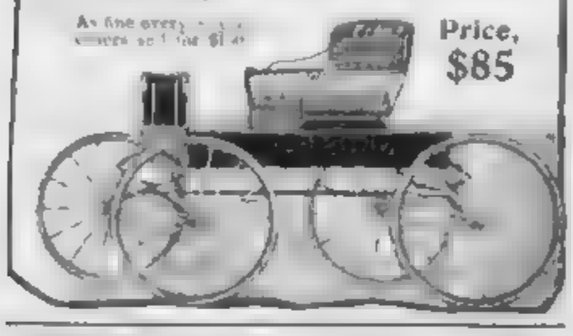

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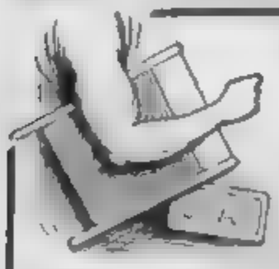

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The Walls of Jericho

By

Paul Laurence Dunbar

PARKER was sitting alone under the shade of a locust tree at the edge of a field. His head was bent and he was deep in thought. Every now and then there floated to him the sound of vociferous singing, and occasionally above the music rose the cry of some shouting brother or sister But he remained in his attitude of meditation as if the singing and the cries meant nothing to him

They did, however, mean much, and, despite his outward impassiveness, his heart was in a tumult of wounded pride and resentment. He had always been so faithful to his flock, constant in attendance and careful of their welfare. Now it was very hard, at the first call of the stranger, to have them leave their old pastor and crowd to the new exhorter.

It was nearly a week before that a free negro had got permission to hold meetings in the wood adjoining the Mordaunt estate. He had invited the negroes of the surrounding plantations to come and bring their baskets with them that they might serve the body while they saved the soul. By ones and twos Parker had seen his congregation drop away from him until now, in the cabin meeting-house where he held forth, only a few retainers, such as Mandy and Dinah and some of the older ones on the plantation, were present to hear him. It grieved his heart, for he had been with his flock in sickness and in distress, in sorrow and in trouble, but now, at the first approach of the rival, they could and did desert him. He felt it the more keenly because he knew just how powerful this man Johnson was. He was loud-voiced and theatrical, and the fact that he invited all to bring their baskets gave his scheme added influence; for his congregations flocked to the meetings as to a holy picnic. It was seldom that they were thus able to satisfy both the spiritual and material longings at the same time.

Parker had gone once to the meeting and had hung unobserved on the edge of the crowd; then he saw by what power the preacher held the people. Every night, at the very height of the service, he would command the baskets to be opened and the people, following the example of the children of Israel, to march, munching their food, round and round the inclosure, as their Biblical archetypes had marched around the walls of Jericho. Parker looked on and smiled grimly. He knew, and the sensational revivalist knew, that there were no walls there to tumble down, and that the spiritual significance of the performance was entirely lost upon the people. Whatever may be said of the Mordaunt plantation exhorter, he was at least no hypocrite, and he saw clearly that his rival gave to the emotional negroes a breathing chance and opportunity to eat and a way to indulge their dancing proclivities by marching trippingly to a spirited tune

He went away in disgust and anger, but thoughts deeper than either burned within him. He was thinking some such thoughts now as he sat there on the edge of the field listening to the noise of the basket meeting. It was unfortunate for his peace of mind that while he sat there absorbed in resentful musings two of the young men of his master's household should come along. They did not know how Parker felt about the matter, or they never would have allowed themselves to tease him on the score of his people's defection

"Well, Parker," said Ralph, "seems mighty strange to me that you are not down there in the woods at the meeting."

The old man was silent

"I am rather surprised at Parker myself," said Tom Mordaunt; "knowing how he enjoys a good sermon I expected him to be over there. They tell me that man Johnson is a mighty preacher."

Still Parker was silent

"Most of your congregation are over there," Ralph resumed. Then the old exhorter, stung into reply, raised his head and said quietly

"Dat ain't nuffin' strange, Mas' Ralph. I been preachin' de gospel on yo' father's plantation, night aftah night, nigh on to twenty-five years an' spite o' dat, mos' o' my congagation is in hell."

"That doesn't speak very well for your preaching," said Ralph, and the two young fellows laughed heartily

"Come, Parker, come, don't be jealous; come on over to the meeting with us, and let us see what it is that Johnson has that you haven't. You know any man can get a congregation about him, but it takes some particular power to hold them after they are caught

Parker rose slowly from the ground and reluctantly joined his two young masters as they made their way toward the woods. The meeting was in full swing. At a long black bench to the front, there knelt a line of mourners wailing and praying, while the preacher stood above them waving his hands and calling on them to believe and be saved. Every now and then some one voluntarily broke into a song, either a stirring, marching spiritual or some soft crooning melody that took strange hold upon the hearts of even the most skeptical listeners. As they approached and joined the crowd some one had just swung into the undulating lilt of

"Some one buried in de graveyard,
Some one buried in de sea,
All come togethah in de mo'nin',
Go soun' de Jubilee

Just the word Jubilee was enough to start the whole throng into agitated life, and they moaned and shouted and wailed until the forest became a pandemonium.

Johnson, the preacher, saw Parker approach with the two young men and a sudden spirit of conquest took possession of him. He felt that he owed it to himself to crystallize his triumph over the elder exhorter. So, with a glance that begged for approbation, he called aloud

"Open de baskets! Rise up, fu' de Jericho walls o' sin is a-stan'in'. You 'member dey ma'ched roun' seven times, an' at de sevent' time de walls a'begun to shake an' shiver; de foundations a-begun to trimble; de chillen a hyeahed de rum'lin' lak a thundah f'om on high, an' putty soon down come de walls a fallin' an' a crum'lin'! Oh, brothahs an' sistahs, let us a-ma'ch erroun' de walls o Jericho to-night seven times, an' a-eatin' o' de food dat de Lawd has pervided us wid. Dey ain't no walls o' brick an' stone a stan'in hyeah to-night, but by de eye o' Christian faif I see a great big wall o' sin a stan'in' strong an' thick hyeah in ouah midst Is we gwine to let it stan'?"

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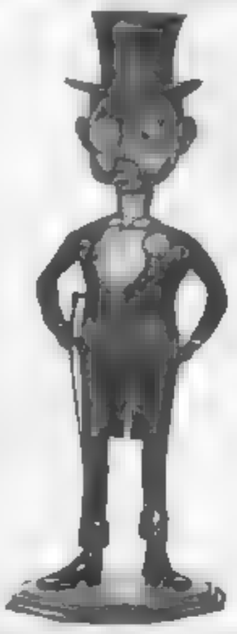

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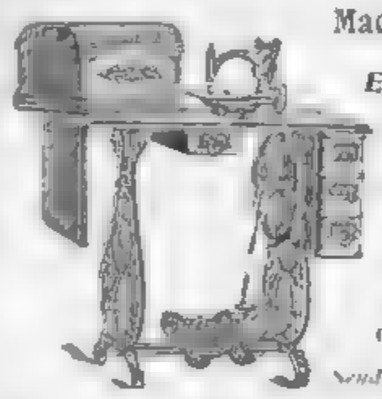

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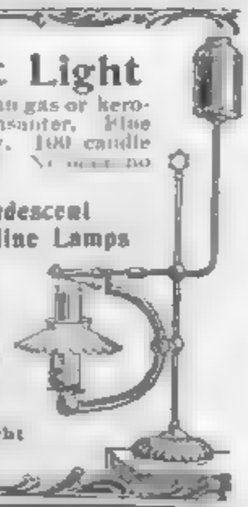

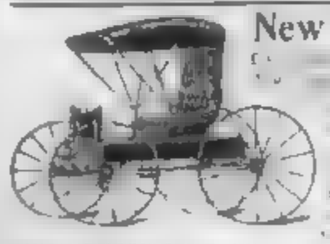

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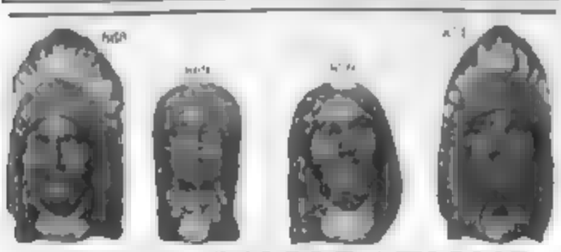

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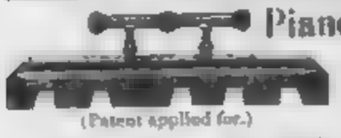

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"Oh, no, no!" moaned the people

"Is we gwine to ma'ch erroun dat wall de same ex Joshuay an' his ban' did in de days of ol', ontwell we hyeah de cracklin an' de rum'lin', de breakin' an' de tarin', de onsettlin' of de foundations an' de fallin' of de stones an' mo'tah?" Then raising his voice he broke into the song

'Den we'll ma'ch, ma'ch down, ma'ch ma'ch down
Oh chillen, ma'ch down
In de day o' Jubilee

The congregation joined him in the ringing chorus, and springing to their feet began marching around and around the inclosure chewing vigorously in the breathing spaces of the hymn

The two young men, who were too used to such sights to be provoked to laughter, nudged each other and bent their looks upon Parker, who stood with bowed head, refusing to join in the performance, and sighed audibly

After the march Tom and Ralph started for home, and Parker went with them

"He's very effective, don't you think so, Tom?" said Ralph

"Immensely so," was the reply "I don't know that I have ever seen such a moving spectacle"

"The people seem greatly taken up with him."

"Personal magnetism, that's what it is. Don't you think so, Parker?"

"Hum," said Parker

"It's a wonderful idea of his, that marching around the walls of sin

"So original, too. It's a wonder you never thought of a thing like that, Parker. I believe it would have held your people to you in the face of everything. They do love to eat and march."

"Well," said Parker, "you all may think what you please, but I ain't nevah made no business of mekin' a play show outen de Bible. Dem folks don't know what dey're doin'. Why, ef dem niggahs hyeahed anything commence to fall dey'd tain dat place up gittin' erway f'om daih. It's a wondah de Lawd don' sen' a jedgmen' on 'em fu' tu'nin' His wo'd into mockery."

The two young men bit their lips and a knowing glance flashed between them. The same idea had leaped into both of their minds at once. They said no word to Parker, however, save at parting, and then they only begged that he would go again the next night of the meeting

"You must, Parker," said Ralph. "You must represent the spiritual interest of the plantation. If you don't, that man, Johnson, will think we are heathen or that our exhorter is afraid of him

At the name of fear the old preacher bridled and said with angry dignity

"Nemmine, nemmine, he shan't nevah think dat. I'll be daih."

Parker went alone to his cabin, sore at heart; the young men, a little regretful that they had stung him a bit too far, went up to the big house, their heads close together, and in the darkness and stillness there came to them the hymns of the people.

On the next night Parker went early to the meeting place and, braced by the spirit of his defiance, took a conspicuous front seat. His face gave no sign, though his heart throbbed angrily as he saw the best and most trusted of his flock come in with intent faces and seat themselves anxsously to await the advent of an alien. Why had those rascally boys compelled him for his own dignity's sake to come there? Why had they forced him to be a living witness of his own degradation and of his own people's ingratitude? But Parker was a diplomat, and when the hymns began he joined his voice with the voices of the rest

Something, though, tugged at Parker's breast, a vague hoped-for something; he knew not what—the promise of relief from the tension of his jealousy, the harbinger of revenge. It was in the air. Everything was tense as if awaiting the moment of catastrophe. He found himself feeling joyous, and when Johnson arose on the wings of his eloquence it was Parker's loud "Amen" which set fire to all the throng. Then, when the meeting was going well, when the spiritual fire had been thoroughly kindled and had gone from crackling to roaring; when the hymns were loudest and the hand-clapping strongest, the revivalist called upon them to rise and march around the walls of Jericho Parker rose with the rest, and, though he had no basket, he levied on the store of a solicitous sister and marched with them, singing, singing, but waiting, waiting for he knew not what

It was the fifth time around and yet nothing had happened. Then the sixth, and a rumbling sound was heard near at hand. A tree crashed down on one side. White eyes were rolled in the direction of the noise and the burden of the hymn was left to the few faithful. Half way around and the bellow of a horn broke upon the startled people's ears, and the hymn sank lower and lower. The preacher's face was ashen, but he attempted to inspire the people, until on the seventh turn such a rumbling and such a clattering, such a tumbling of rocks, such a falling of trees as was never heard before gave horror to the night. The people paused for one moment and then the remains of the bread and meat were cast to the winds, baskets were thrown away, and the congregation, thoroughly maddened with fear, made one rush for the road and the quarters. Ahead of them all, his long coat tails flying and his legs making not steps but leaps, was the Rev. Mr. Johnson. He had no word of courage or hope to offer the frightened flock behind him Only Parker, with some perception of the situation, stood his ground. He had leaped upon a log and was crying aloud

Stan' still, stan' still, I say, an' see de salvation," but he got only frightened, backward glances as the place was cleared

When they were all gone, he got down off the log and went to where several of the trees had fallen. He saw that they had been cut nearly through during the day on the side away from the clearing, and ropes were still along the upper parts of their trunks. Then he chuckled softly to himself. As he stood there in the dim light of the fat-pine torches that were burning themselves out, two stealthy figures made their way out of the surrounding gloom into the open space Tom and Ralph were holding their sides, and Parker, with a hand on the shoulder of each of the boys, laughed unrighteously

'Well, he hyeahed de rum'lin' an' crum' lin', ' he said, and Ralph gasped.

'You're the only one who stood your ground, Parker," said Tom

'How erbout de walls o' Jericho now?" was all Parker could say as he doubled up

When the people came back to their senses they began to realize that the Rev. Mr Johnson had not the qualities of a leader Then they recalled how Parker had stood still in spite of the noise and called them to wait and see the salvation, and so, with a rush of emotional feeling, they went back to their old allegiance. Parker's meeting house again was filled, and for lack of worshipers Mr. Johnson held no more meetings and marched no more around the walls of Jericho

— marching around and around the inclosure, chewing vigorously in the breathing spaces of the hymn

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"Publick Occurrences"

Strenuous Life in South America

A famous Englishman years ago, when France was having many changes in its government, suggested that there would be a great saving of time and expense if the triumphal columns of Paris were placed on hinges so that they could be lowered or put up again as the influences of the moment should demand. It was an American who said that yesterday morning there was a revolution in South America, but that they caught the man before night, and the field is open to-day for another patriot

Among the countries in South America Venezuela seems to have had its full share of revolutions, and it would not be safe to say how things stand at this writing. The means of communication are slow. In fact, most of the country except that around the towns is in a state of pioneer exploration. The chief leader of the revolutionary forces is General José Manuel Hernandez, who is popularly known as "The Maimed," because in an experience of over thirty years in revolutions he suffered the loss of three fingers. Besides that, he was wounded eighteen times, was captured twenty odd times, was exiled, served in jail, and on several occasions broke out Mr. Roosevelt had something to say about the strenuous life, and certainly the experience of General Hernandez shows that there is some of it in South America

Natural Riches in Venezuela

Venezuela is a country where Nature makes millionaires; and some of the best of the money is now coming to citizens of this country who have been down there and used their eyes to good advantage. The greatest company of Venezuela has a capital of thirty million dollars, and its headquarters are in Minnesota. There are gold mines which have produced thirty five millions in gold, and paid twenty-three millions to their shareholders. The richness of its forests is beyond calculation, and they will last for centuries In fact, no one pretends to tell all its resources. It has gold, silver, precious stones, and a hundred things that mean wealth and which the world wants; and as a matter of fact its resources have scarcely been touched, so great are they. Nine-tenths of the population come from Indian and European stock, the other tenth being negroes There are several universities maintained by the Government, and many of the Venezuelans complete their education abroad; generally they do this in Europe, but more of them are coming, year by year, to the United States The pity is that such a country should suffer from its Government

The Asphalt Fight

About a quarter of a century ago a bright American secured in Venezuela the mineral rights to a whole state. In the state was an asphalt lake. He sold the concession for a handsome sum to the largest asphalt company in the world The company got along very well until a few years ago, when the concession was coolly annulled by the Government, and other people began to enter into the situation. President Castro conceded to one of his citizens a part of the asphalt territory. The fortunate citizen promptly sold it to a rival asphalt company. He did not, however, guarantee the title; but the Government, when the discussion arose, stepped in and gave the necessary guarantee. Of course the two corporations, fighting each other to the extent of their ability, moved every possible influence to gain their ends. Recently, one of them almost got the United States seriously implicated in the contest, though it is clearly a matter that belongs to the courts There was a movement of war vessels in the direction of Venezuela, but happily our Government did not become so deeply involved that it could not get out gracefully It is now "hands off" in the matter

In the meanwhile, the men who control the asphalt output will play a large part in the politics of Venezuela

Ill Feeling Toward United States

One of the curious results of the asphalt difficulty was that Venezuela, for the time, turned against its best friend, the United States; but with an emotional population little else could be expected. The United States has had the same experience with other South American countries. They have sometimes resented the ægis of its protection. Even in normal times the gratitude has not been excessive. The Pan American Congress established in Washington a Bureau of American Republics, the expenses to be shared, the United States, of course paying by far the largest amount. The Bureau has done good work in collecting information from the different countries, but some of them have frequently forgotten to send on their share of the cost, in which case Uncle Sam with his usual good nature has placidly paid the bills

The Venezuelan Arbitration

Who does not recall the sensation created in two hemispheres by President Cleveland's Venezuelan Message? Great Britain had sought to acquire an enormous area of Venezuelan territory in her own way; then came President Cleveland's message—a ringing declaration of the Monroe Doctrine and a virtual demand that the boundary question be submitted to arbitration. It staggered the Englishmen for a while and created among them a considerable opposition to our own country. Mr. Olney was then Secretary of State and he managed the further proceedings with a strong and unyielding hand. Finally, Great Britain came around to the Administration's way of thinking, and thus resulted the greatest arbitration of modern times. It has a peculiar interest in that the award was the first made after the Peace Conference at The Hague. The dispute had waged for nearly seventy-five years, and it was settled by arbitration within less than five months. The concluding speech was a masterly exposition of law and facts by the late ex President Harrison, and he upheld his splendid reputation in competition with the best legal minds of this country and Europe

The verdict gave to Great Britain somewhat less than was demanded by her. It was said afterward that Venezuela might have retained more had it not been for her revolutions, which operated against the development of the country and the security of capital. What a pity it is that Venezuela cannot use, in her own affairs, arbitration such as settled that dispute!

Dictatorship in South America

In principle all the Governments south of us on this hemisphere are republican, but as a matter of fact nearly every one of them is more of a dictatorship than anything else Take the case of Mexico, where Diaz was recently elected to that high office for the fifth time. In Venezuela they have a dictatorship, or at least had when this was written, with President Castro in full authority

If the next revolutionist leader should succeed it would probably not be very long before he would be almost as dictatorial as the present executive

It seems to be necessary in those countries that the one-man power should rule, and this very fact, of course, breeds more revolution In the case of President Castro there has been a fine mix-up, and it is he who put a judge into jail until the gentleman should come around to his way of thinking in regard to points of law

In the meanwhile, the trade of Venezuela might be developed to far greater proportions. It now amounts to less than twenty five millions, nearly two-thirds of which are exports. The population of Venezuela, as stated by the Director of the Bureau of the American Republics, was, according to the latest estimates, 2,444,810

With its enormous area of nearly 600,000 square miles it can, of course, support a population many dozen times as great. It is the revolutions and other uncertainties that prevent a large immigration; but that may be changed in time

The Outlook Hopeful

With all the tendency to dictatorships there is no cause to doubt the future. When Dom Pedro was sent from Brazil every South American country, excepting, of course, the colonies of European nations, became republican; and it is the opinion of travelers and of close observers that they will work out the problem of self-government in due time. So we may with confidence expect that there will never be another throne set up in this hemisphere, in spite of the fears of those who believe we may have an Emperor even in this country within twenty five years.

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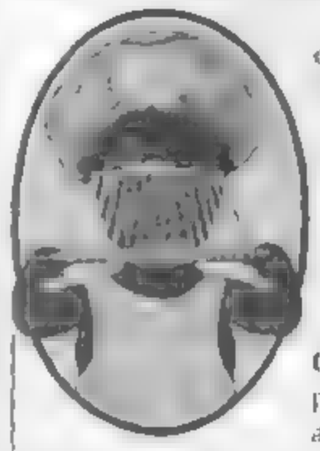

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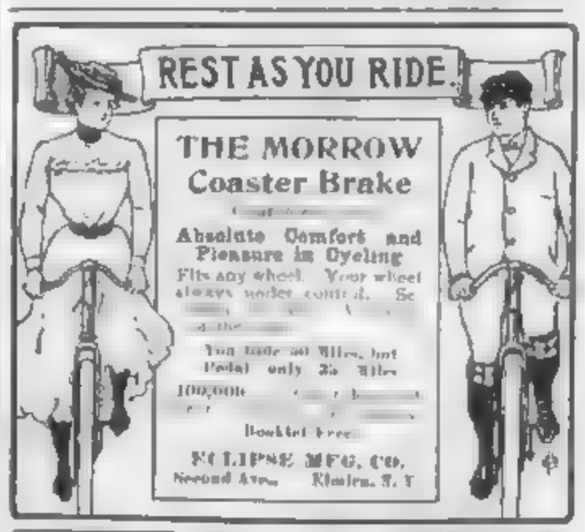

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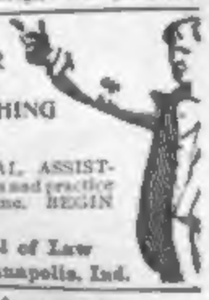

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

THE plains of the West, beyond the line where the land is arable without irrigation, are as fine grazing country as can be found anywhere in the world. There is a thick sod, with a luxuriant grass, which is admirably adapted for cattle.

So long as this region was considered useless for man's purposes it was called "desert," but that term no longer applies. It has been ascertained that beneath this vast region there is spread what might be called a sheet of underground water, which may be reached by driving wells. From these wells water can be pumped by means of windmills, and in this way cattle may be supplied. In fact, millions of cattle are thus watered at the present time, the plains being divided up into squares twelve miles on each side, in which cattle spend their lives without ever seeing a stream or a lake.

Pocket Wireless Telegraphy

The "pocket coherer" is the invention of an Englishman, and though not much is known about it as yet, it is said to be a wonder in its way. One carries it about with him in his clothing—it is not much bigger than a watch—and is enabled by its means to receive wireless telegraphic messages wherever he may happen to be.

Wireless telegraphy, of course, is in its infancy as yet. Within a few years from the present time it is expected to develop marvels, rendering it practicable for a business man to connect his office with other offices, business establishments, and even private houses all over a city, just as now he possesses such connections by telephone. Adjusting the index of an instrument on his desk to the proper number, he will touch a key, and the waves that are sent out in all directions through the atmospheric ether will convey a message to the particular person with whom he desires to talk.

Necessarily, the waves go everywhere, but Smith, let us say, wants to communicate with his friend Jones, and the setting of the index adjusts the wave-length so accurately that only Jones' instrument, which is sensitive to waves of that and no other length, will respond. The pocket coherer is sensitive to waves of the same length as those which affect his desk instrument, and when they are sent out from any point they cause the tinging of a tiny bell. He may be expecting some important message, and, if so, he will promptly hasten back to his headquarters.

Permanent Color Standards

Exact standards of colors, which do not at present exist, are to be established by the Smithsonian Institution, and are expected to be extremely useful not only for scientific purposes, but also in a commercial way and otherwise.

At the present time the various hues recognized and differentiated by the human eye are so incompletely named that a single term often covers half a dozen or more shades, and there are no means whereby a person in one place can describe exactly, in writing, for the information of a person in another place, tints to which he wishes to refer. Attempts have been made to get over this difficulty by the publication of books containing colored plates with names attached to them, which were represented as standards; but, unfortunately, the colors always fade in the course of time, and thus the value of the so-called standards is seriously modified.

Secretary Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, has decided that absolute standards of color can be obtained only in one way—namely, by connecting each hue or tint with the certain definite wave-length of light, or combination of wave-lengths, which it actually represents. Such standards can never alter, being, as Mr. Langley says, "more permanent than the planet itself." When they have been established we shall have gauges of colors that are perfect, unchangeable and universally recognized, like standards of weights and measures.

It will then be possible for a manufacturer advertising a large and varied stock of silks to describe, for the benefit of purchasing dealers at a distance, not only the colors of his goods, but even the shades and most delicate gradations of tints through which they run. Or, in similar fashion, a merchant in this country will be able to send orders abroad specifying hues as well as qualities in unmistakable terms. In fact, it is easy to see that in many other ways business operations will be facilitated.

In scientific work standards of the kind will be invaluable. Naturalists especially have felt the want of them hitherto; technical descriptions of birds, for example, requisite for their adequate classification, being imperfect on this account. All over the world scientists will immediately adopt the Smithsonian color gauges, and in this way doubtless they will first be introduced.

For the determination of the wave-lengths of light represented by the various hues and tints of the spectrum, the resources of the Astrophysical Observatory, attached to the Smithsonian Institution, will be utilized. Meanwhile a committee of scientific men will be appointed to work out the details of the problem, an expert colorist being employed.

American Turquoises

This country is now producing the bulk of the world's supply of turquoise, which is the most important of American gems, commercially, the output being mainly from New Mexico, where the deposits have been worked, at irregular periods, for centuries. Long before the time of Columbus the New Mexican mines were worked in a primitive way by the aborigines, and in these days the same stores of mineral treasure are yielding stones up to sixty carats in weight and of quality equal to the finest Persian. Two companies are turning out more than $200,000 worth of turquoises annually, and a guarantee is given to replace any specimen that changes color within six months.

Turquoise owes its beautiful blue to the presence of phosphate of copper. For reasons not well understood, the color is not always permanent, and to this trouble the Egyptian stones are particularly liable. Persian turquoises frequently alter, but the New Mexican comparatively seldom. The Persian stones are a softer blue than ours and more opaque; the Egyptian are darker.

The aborigines of New Mexico took out the turquoise by building fires against the rocks, so as to crack them, and thus get out the precious substance. The Egyptian turquoises, so called, come in reality from Mt. Sinai. The highly-valued Persian stones are obtained from Nishapur in the most primitive manner. A wooden wheel, operated by the feet of two men lying on their backs, brings the broken rock to the surface in bags; the fragments are smashed with hammers; and when a turquoise is discovered it is put aside and sent with the next batch to Meshed, to be cut. There is a market even for imperfect and green specimens, this kind of gem being greatly prized by Orientals. The best of those found go to the Shah, who owns a magnificent collection of turquoises.

Rapid Transit Garden Growth

Successful experiments have been made recently in the forcing of the growth of asparagus in the field in winter by the help of steam. Narrow trenches about four inches deep are dug between the rows and covered with boards, so as to form little tunnels. Steam from a boiler is forced into the tunnels through a hose, penetrating the soil and keeping the latter moist and warm. The process has to be performed only once a day, for five minutes at a time, and the results obtained have been quite remarkable.

Within recent years salad plants, tomatoes, muskmelons, green corn, beans and other garden products have been added one after another to the list of greenhouse crops, rendering these delicacies available for winter use and giving delight to epicures, while putting much money into the pockets of the producers. Necessarily such products are expensive, and no little interest attaches therefore to efforts which the Department of Agriculture is making to find means whereby persons in modest circumstances may force some kinds of garden truck for their own use during the cold season.

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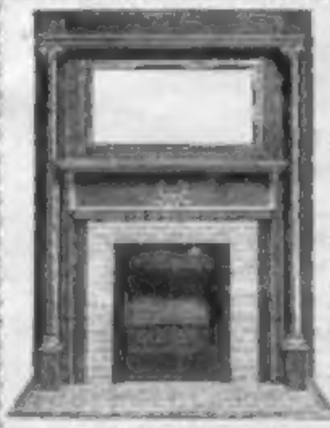

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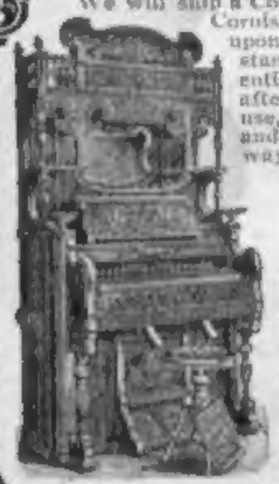

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Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

The Impossibility of Babs

The one and only observation that suggests itself to the reader of Mrs. Sarah Grand's latest achievement, Babs the Impossible *(Harper & Brothers)*, is Doctor Johnson's plaintive remark anent a young lady's performance of difficult pieces on the pianoforte, that he wished it *had* been impossible. Unluckily, Mrs. Grand does not seem to appreciate the force of her well-chosen title, nor understand the absolute impossibility of her young hoyden, who combines the manners of a savage and the instincts of a girl of the streets.

In the beginning of the story, Babs, otherwise Lorraine Kingconstance, is presented to us as the ordinary romp and tomboy of fiction, who upsets ink-bottles over her governess, calls her schoolbooks "beastly," and says "Mamma be blowed!" There is nothing strikingly original in this, nor in the fact that she has "the face of an angel," framed in a tangle of golden curls. That kind of young person is always recognizable in novels by her golden curls. They are the hall-mark of her type. Some really adventurous writer should give us a wild and rowdyish heroine with smooth dark hair and near-sighted eyes. It would be a revolutionary measure, as startling and as untraditional as Kean's Shylock in his red wig.

After a little time Babs develops. She slaps her maid, decapitates her hens, flings their headless carcasses at a middle-aged gentleman—or what passes for a gentleman in this book—and complains bitterly, but with little reason, of the monotony of life. At seventeen she kisses Lord Cadenhouse until that virtuous young nobleman declines—like Charley's Aunt—to be so lavishly embraced by a girl who isn't going to marry him. Marriage is not alluring to Babs, but she resents the curtailing of her embraces.

"You used to kiss me always when I was quite a little child," she says. "Then you left off, and ever since I've wanted to kiss you. I knew it wouldn't be anything like kissing a woman, and it isn't. You kiss a woman anywhere, and are glad to get it over; but I kiss you on the lips—so—and its somehow different, though I can't tell how."

Cadenhouse, however, stands firm; and Babs, "starving for a caress," turns her attention to St. Lambert, and extracts a good many caresses from him by dint of careful pertinacity, and by nestling close to him, "all her being apurr with pleasure." St. Lambert, as it chances, wants to marry somebody else, and is rather disconcerted than pleased when the "Impossible" kisses him on the neck, observing: "How nice you smell! What kind of soap do you use?"—an exceptionally vulgar speech, even for an exceptionally vulgar girl, and one which might have been advantageously omitted from an exceptionally vulgar book.

The rest of the people in the story—if less clamorous than Babs—paw each other in a very offensive manner from the first page to the last. "It was a habit of Mr. Jellybond's," we are told, "to caress women when they looked nice;" and apparently none of the women objected. If this be a true picture—which Heaven forbid—of English country life, let us turn for the refinements of civilization to an African kraal, or to an Alaskan mining camp.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

Mr. Zangwill's Missing Birthday

"What is your Christian name, Mr. Zangwill?" Most people have heard Mr. Zangwill's quiet answer to that question, put by an innocent feminine admirer. "I have no Christian name, but my other name is Israel."

It seems that Mr. Zangwill, besides having no Christian name, has no birthday. However, the necessary steps are being taken to provide him with one. It came about in this wise. Since the beginning of the year the London Daily Chronicle has been publishing, every day, a sort of "Many happy returns of the Day" section, headed: "This is my Birthday: Shakespeare."

Under the name of the selected celebrity appear quotations from writers who have unconsciously hit his character and work. And it is really astonishing how much better such men as Sargent, General Wolfe and Lewis Carroll are described by writers with imaginary characters before them, than by the historian or the author of obituary notices.

The scheme, which is being watched with interest by literary London, depends for success, of course, on the aptness of the quotations, and they have hitherto hit the mark. What could be swifter and surer than the line from Francis Thompson which ends the tribute to the author of Alice in Wonderland—"Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven?" And the most remarkable point in this scheme is its origination and performance by a young woman who has lived obscurely in a suburb of Bristol and spent the last two years in searching literature for

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labels for the living and epitaphs for the dead.

But she has had to seek not only for quotations but for celebrities to fit them. In the course of her search for birthdays she wrote to Mr. Zangwill a request for the date of his birth. Now Mr. Zangwill may be relied on for the retort, usually courteous, and always in the most abominable handwriting. His script suggests the charwoman with housemaid's knee. Mr. Zangwill's reply was, in effect, that he had not the least idea of the day or the month of his birth; nor had any one among the prophets been prophetic enough to record it. But in view of the purpose for which the date was required, Mr. Zangwill suggested that the young lady should select some nice convenient day, a roomy one, on which he would not be jostled by bigger men. He would leave it entirely in the young lady's hands; and in acknowledgment of the compliment proposed he undertook to honor in due form, as his birthday, to the end of his natural life, any day which his correspondent might select.

The responsibility of course is tremendous. Lovers of anniversaries, centenaries, millennials, cranks who stick tablets on walls behind which genius pulled off its boots, monograph writers of the thirtieth century—the unembodied spirits of them all are hovering anxiously over the pen of the young lady who is to be responsible for Mr. Zangwill's birthday. She will grapple with the task. That Mr. Zangwill should not be born is intolerable.

The Acrobatic Bernard Shaw

A man cannot be too careful of his reputation. That is to say, if he gets a reputation at all, he should be careful to get the one he wants, for in the Temple of Fame there is no readmission and no money returned. Literary history is full of cases in which men have acquired the wrong reputation, of which they can no more rid themselves than they can jump off their own shadow. Mr. Bret Harte is a famous instance. He is probably the only man in the world who regrets the Heathen Chinee. The late Lewis Carroll, of Alice in Wonderland, which has just taken the stage again at the London Vaudeville, insisted quite vainly on being recognized as the Rev. Charles Dodgson, the author of certain obscure mathematical treatises.

Among living writers Mr. Bernard Shaw is a leading case. He has always been very serious, and has wanted to be taken seriously. But, as he has often explained to me, if you want to reach the public you must first attract public attention. And the best way of attracting attention is to stand on your head in public. The man in the street cannot help looking. So Mr. Shaw stood on his head. But the worst of it was that people insisted on a continuance of this uncomfortable attitude. Deep down in his heart Mr. Shaw cherishes the belief that he is a fine dramatist. And he has done his best to convince the public that he is an upright man with head as well as heart in the right place. He has married; he has arrayed himself in conventional dress; he has "promenaded" in a private carriage; he has managed to keep a discreet silence in his retreat at Haslemere; and having been a vestryman for some time, has been elected a member of the new borough council in London.

Nothing could be more conscientiously conventional. His reward, it would seem, is near. All London, or as much of it as could be crammed in an evening and an afternoon into a small theatre, went to see Captain Brassbound's Conversion as produced by the Stage Society. And to me the amazing thing is that no theatrical manager comes forward and puts up one of Shaw's plays for a run. He certainly has the faculty, as he has ingenuously told me, of creating characters which give splendid chances to actors.

A Genius at Counting Pins

The British post-office has given a crutch to many men whose staff is literature. Anthony Trollope is the stock instance. But Mr. W. W. Jacobs is a later example.

Mr. Bennett, the editor of St. Martin's le Grand, gives a rather curious reminiscence of Mr. Jacobs' official career. "For a long time he and I worked side by side. We were in charge of the departmental pins, pens and inkpots," says Mr. Bennett. "I devised a system by means of which Jacobs could always tell to a pin how his stock stood. Whatever I may think of him, he has always regarded me from that time as a man of genius."

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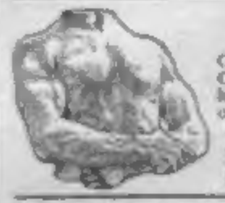

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